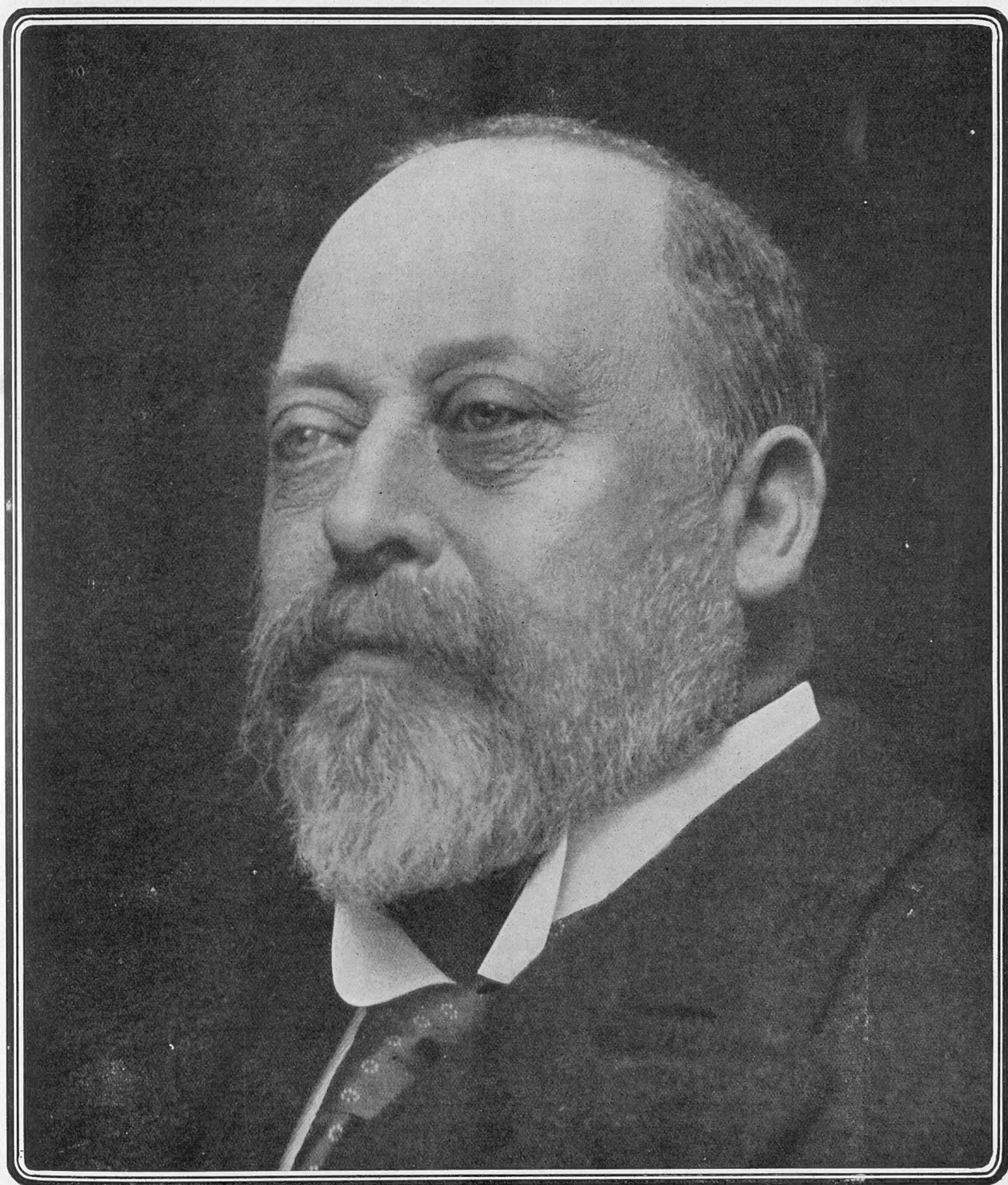


The Sketch

No. 902.—Vol. LXX.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1910.

With Two Supplements. | ONE SHILLING.



THE FRIEND OF HIS PEOPLE: A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF HIS LATE MAJESTY
KING EDWARD VII.

It may be said without exaggeration that the whole British people, not the inhabitants of these islands only, but also the nations of Greater Britain overseas, felt that they had in King Edward a personal friend. He had so closely identified himself with the interests of his subjects, had gone about among them so assiduously, and had on all possible occasions thrown himself into their joys and sorrows, that the news of his death came home to everyone in the Empire with the shock of an individual loss.

MOTLEY NOTES.

BY KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

The Sixth of May, 1910.

The varying emotions of the Sixth of May, 1910, will leave their mark upon the Londoner. I know that our hopes and fears—and one gave place to the other a hundred times during that trying day—were shared to a great extent by every subject of the late King Edward the Seventh. But the dying Sovereign was so near, so especially near, to the Londoner—near to our hearts and near to our doors. The news of the illness came down on London, rumours notwithstanding, with the force of an unexpected and shrewdly planted blow. In the streets, in the trains, in clubs, in shops, in theatres, one found the depressing effect of it all day long. We read our morning papers with fairly light hearts. It was the ten-thirty bulletin, published in the first editions of the evening papers, that pulled the Londoner up short. "His Majesty's condition gives rise to grave anxiety." There was no explaining away those words. I heard an explanation attempted, and I heard the quick reproof: "Our King would never sanction the publication of such a bulletin unless it was strictly true." On his death-bed, the King still inspired confidence. There may have been something of selfishness in the dismay following on that bulletin; the most loyal subject is but human. The general feeling, though, was deeper and finer than that. In times of national anxiety the British nation is at its best. We proved it many and many a time during the gloomy years of the Boer War. We proved it throughout the illness of Queen Victoria, and we proved it once again on Friday, the Sixth of May, 1910.

Outside Buckingham Palace.

In the afternoon I went down to Buckingham Palace. In the first place, of course, I went down there out of sympathy and respect. In the second place, I wanted to observe a phase of London life that I had never studied closely before—namely, the attitude of the crowd on such a grave, historic occasion. The first thing that struck me was the smallness of the throng. In the morning, I learnt, it was very much greater, but in the afternoon one could with very little difficulty have counted the people assembled. The great space in front of the Palace, inside the railings, was almost deserted. Occasionally the police allowed a privileged carriage to pass. At a quarter to five, or thereabouts, a significant incident occurred: the Princess of Wales left the Palace. The bared head of the coachman put the watching people on the alert; in any case, however, the appearance of the new Queen is so familiar to everyone that she would have been easily recognised as she drove through the gates in the direction of Marlborough House. Many hats were raised, but the carriage was allowed to pass in dead silence. . . . "This," we told each other, "is a good sign. The King must be better, or the Princess would not be leaving the Palace." The crowd around the gates began to thicken.

Reading the Bulletin.

It was not surprising to find the slightest incident magnified into an event of importance. The people who drove up in hansoms, or taxis, or broughams, and descended in order to read the bulletin for themselves, were studied from head to foot. Perhaps the quaintest vehicle was an old-fashioned dog-cart, that looked as though it had come straight out of some mid-Victorian coach-house in the depths of the country. Seated in it were two old ladies, one of whom was driving. The other climbed down, pushed her way through the little crowd about the bulletin, read the few words on the paper, climbed into the gig again, and the couple disappeared. The old ladies could not have looked more anxious had the patient been a near relative of their own. It is little happenings such as these that indicate the true feeling of a people. By the way, I was rather surprised to find that the bulletin contained two mistakes in spelling. The royal invalid was said to have passed a "comparitively" quiet night, and the "symptoms" had not improved. I took the trouble to compare both bulletins, which were written with a pen, and found that the same mistakes occurred in both. Oddly enough, I heard no comment on these unimportant but curiously interesting errors.

The Police.

The police, as usual, were patiently answering the numerous questions put to them, making the most of a very little information. The question was always the same; but the framing of it varied with the questioner. "Could you tell me whether there is any further news?" This was a tall, elderly, rather distinguished-looking man with a straight back and a white moustache. "'E's a bit better, isn't 'e?" This was a matronly woman with a large brown-paper parcel and two little children. Some of the questioners tried to get up an argument with the force. They admitted that there might have been no news since half-past ten that morning, but that in itself was news, because no news was good news. The force nodded. Well, then, in that case, why didn't somebody write out another bulletin to let the people know that the invalid was better? The force believed it was the custom to issue two bulletins only during the day, one in the morning and one in the evening. The questioners, very dissatisfied, would move away to read the ten-thirty bulletin once again. I felt rather sorry for the young sentry who happened to be on duty outside the Palace. He was such a very young sentry, with such a very slight moustache, and was obviously embarrassed at suddenly finding himself an anonymous celebrity.

In Theatreland.

Later, I found myself in theatreland. Theatrical folk, quite apart from their loyalty—and they are loyal through and through—have very good reason to be anxious when the Ruler of the Country is seriously ill. Since every theatre is compelled to close on the death of the Sovereign, every theatrical contract provides that the manager shall not be liable for salary in the face of such a contingency. This is fair enough, but it is terribly hard luck on the mummer. For all that, he does not grumble overmuch. He realises that the loss to himself is utterly swamped by the loss to the nation at large. I found him very quiet on Friday night, very anxious, but full of genuine solicitude for the King. King Edward VII. was a splendid friend to the mummer. Over and over again he has been known to visit a certain theatre because he knew that business was none too good, and that his visit would help the show along the thorny path. Small wonder that there was sickness of heart in theatreland on Friday night! They knew, mind you, that George V. would stand by them just as staunchly, but the mummer was not thinking of that. He does not look forward to the morrow when his pal lies a-dying. His mind is "on the road"—the road of the days that are past.

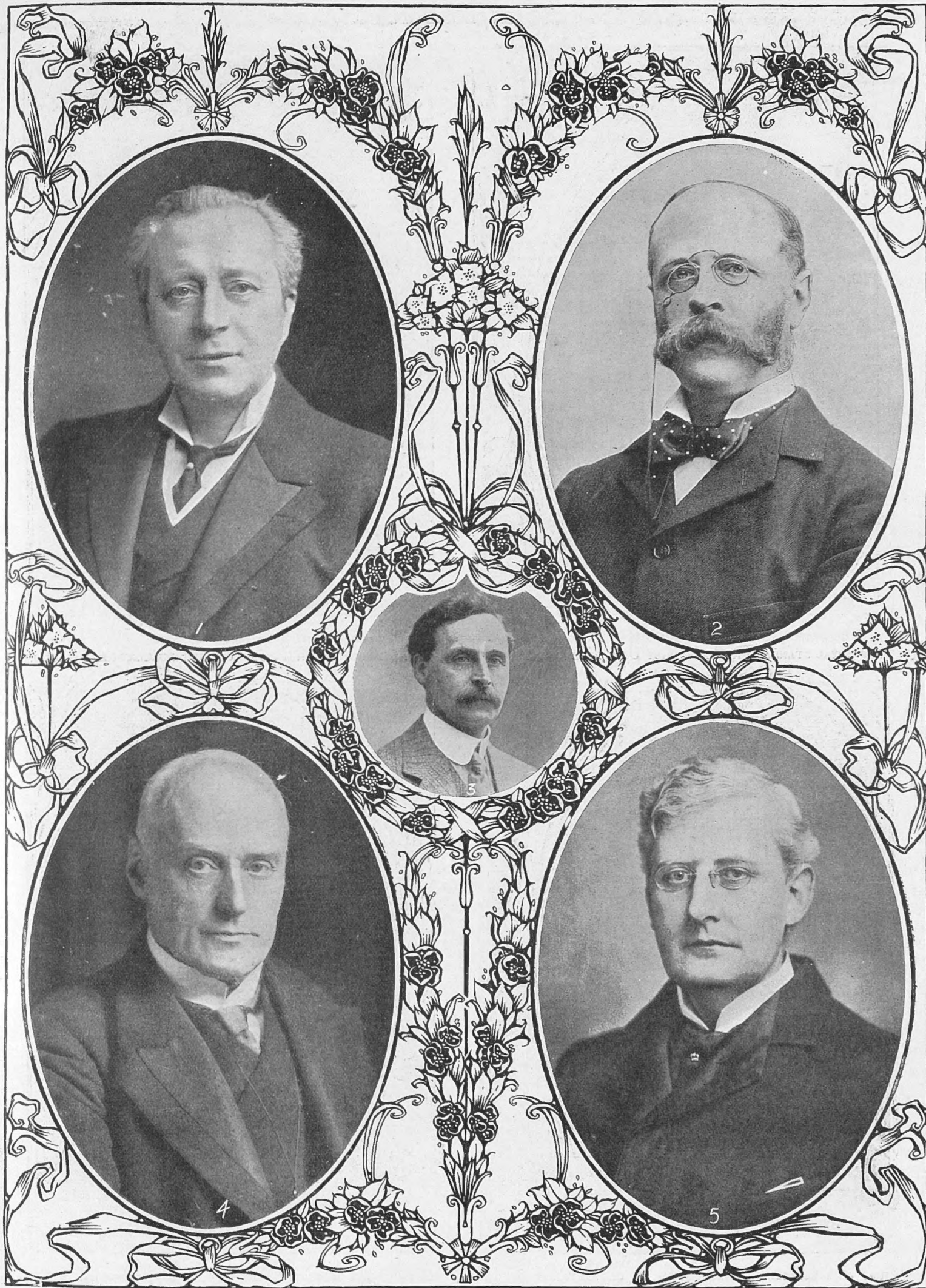
"Death of the King."

I went to bed early, for I had business of my own in theatreland at ten o'clock in the morning. It was about half-past twelve when I was awakened by loud shoutings in the street. I am so accustomed to the cries of newsboys that I can tell from their tone the urgency of their news. I sat up, listening intently: "—of the King! —of the King!" I could not distinguish the first word—perhaps I would not. But then the shouts came nearer, and I could hear with terrible distinctness: "Death of the King! Death of the King!" So it was all over. That brilliant reign had drawn to a tragically sudden close. . . . I clicked off my light.

THE KING'S DEATH: A NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

In case it should appear to any of our readers that parts of this Number of *The Sketch* are of a somewhat light and frivolous character at this time of national mourning, and that some passages have been written as though King Edward were still alive, we should like to point out that, as is customary with illustrated weekly publications, certain portions of the paper are printed before others, and in the case of the present Issue several pages had been already completed before the sad news of King Edward's death arrived.

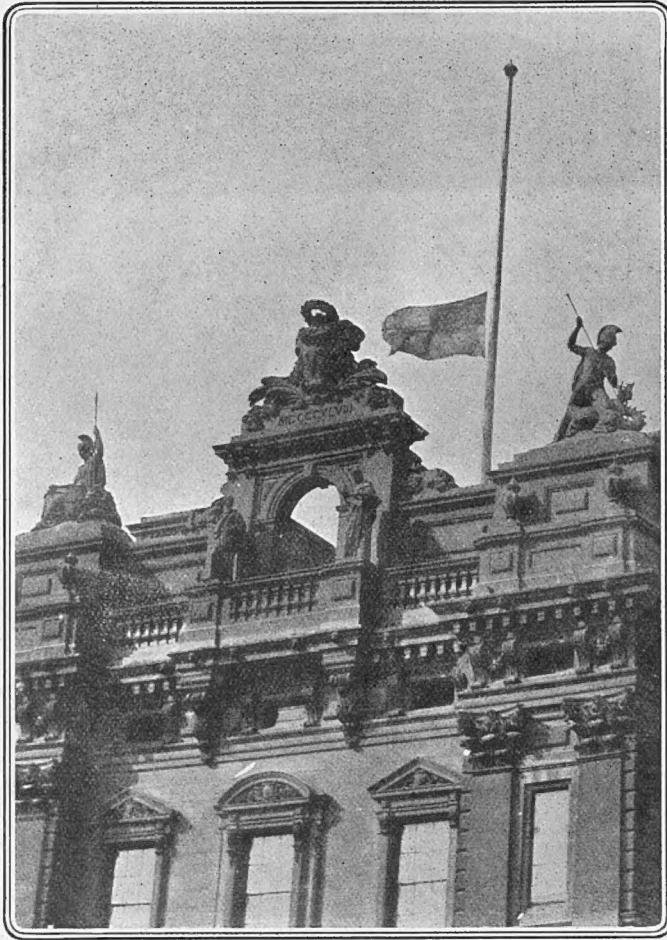
THE DOCTORS WHO ATTENDED THE KING DURING HIS LAST ILLNESS.



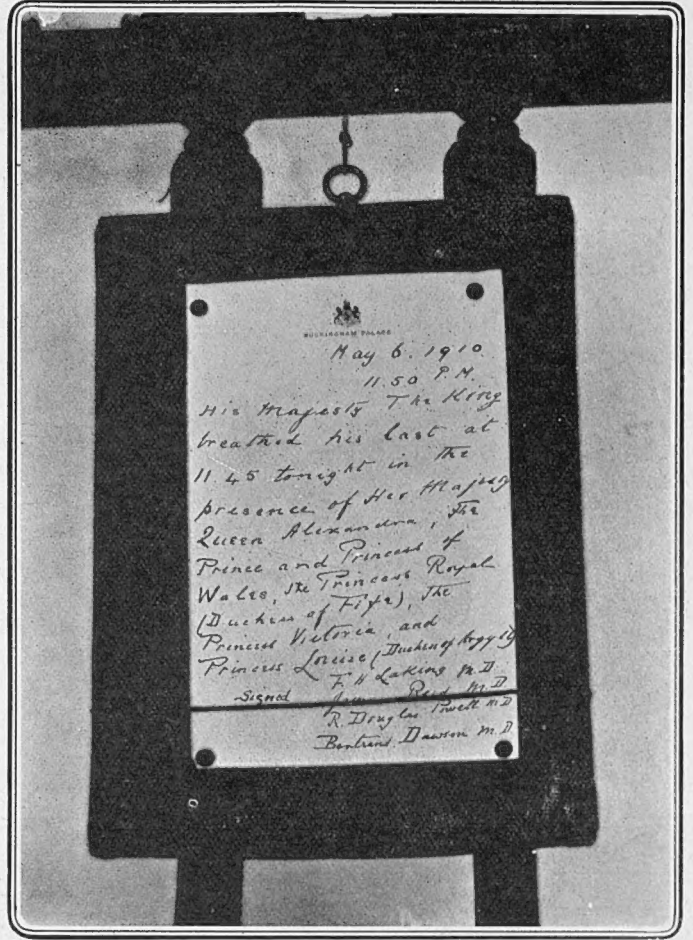
1. SIR FRANCIS H. LAKING, BT., G.C.V.O., M.D., PHYSICIAN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE LATE KING. 2. SIR JAMES REID, BT., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., M.D., PHYSICIAN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE LATE KING.
3. DR. BERTRAND DAWSON, M.D., F.R.C.P., PHYSICIAN-EXTRAORDINARY TO THE LATE KING.
4. SIR R. DOUGLAS POWELL, BT., K.C.V.O., M.D., F.R.C.P., PHYSICIAN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE LATE KING. 5. DR. ST. CLAIR THOMSON, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., THE EMINENT SPECIALIST IN DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND NOSE.

It was only last Thursday evening that public anxiety was first aroused as to King Edward's health, when it was known that his Physicians-in-Ordinary, Sir Francis Laking, Sir James Reid, and Sir Douglas Powell, were all three in attendance upon him. The anxiety soon increased to alarm when it became known later that Dr. Bertrand Dawson, one of the Physicians-Extraordinary, and Dr. St. Clair Thomson, the eminent specialist in laryngology, had also been called in. These five distinguished men, who did their utmost to save their royal patient's life, belong to the élite of the medical profession. Sir Francis Laking, the late King's most frequent medical adviser, received his training at Heidelberg and St. George's Hospital. Sir James Reid took his M.B. with highest honours at Aberdeen, and has taken degrees also in London, Ireland, and Glasgow. He attended King Edward during his recent visit to Biarritz. Sir Douglas Powell took his M.D. at Dublin, and other degrees at Aberdeen and Oxford. He was President of the Royal College of Physicians in 1905. Dr. Bertrand Dawson is Physician to the London Hospital, where (and in Paris) he received his medical education. Dr. St. Clair Thomson is Professor of Laryngology and Physician for Diseases of the Throat and Nose in King's College Hospital.—[Photographs Nos. 1 and 4 by Lafayette; 2, by Hughes and Mullins; 5, by Elliott and Fry.]

IN THE FIRST DARK HOUR: THE NEWS OF THE KING'S DEATH IN LONDON.



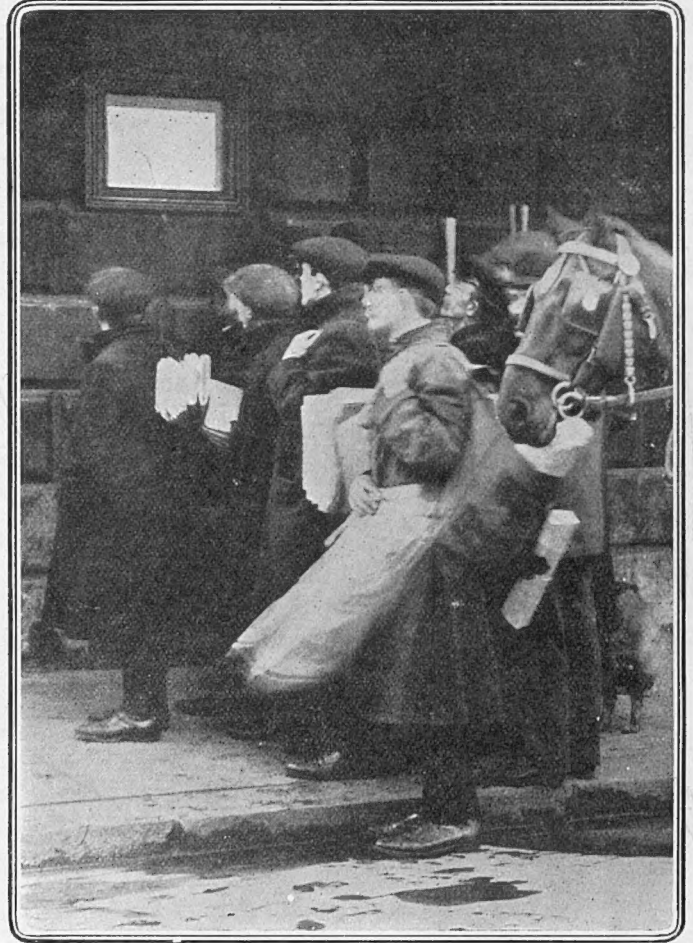
THE OUTWARD AND VISIBLE SIGN OF A NATION'S MOURNING: THE ROYAL STANDARD AT HALF-MAST OVER BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



THE FINAL BULLETIN: A FACSIMILE OF THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE KING'S DEATH POSTED OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



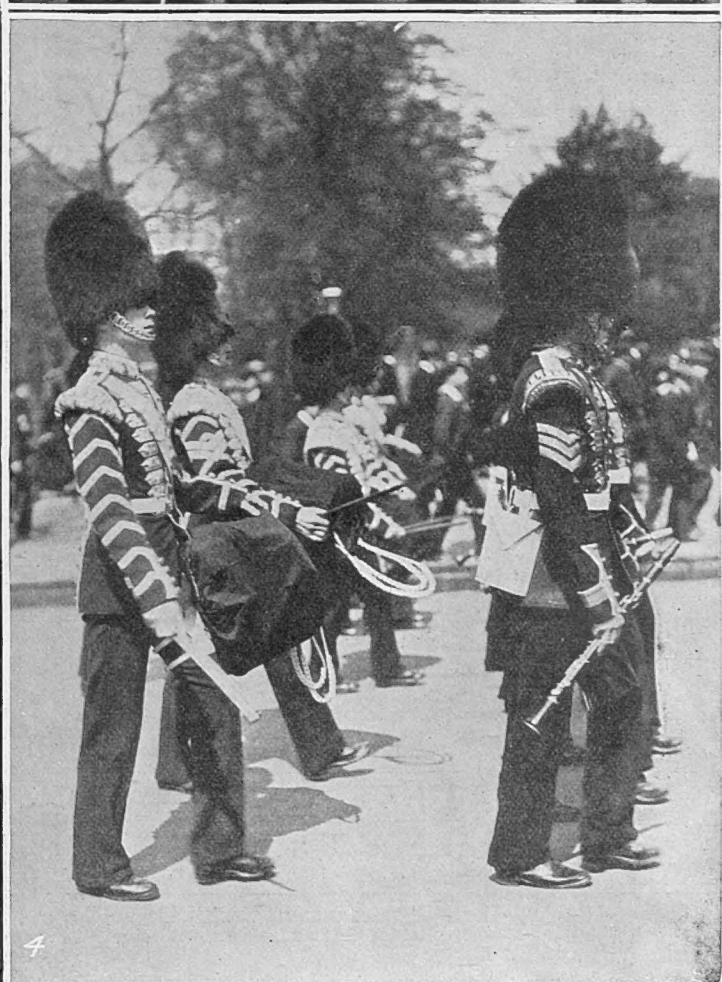
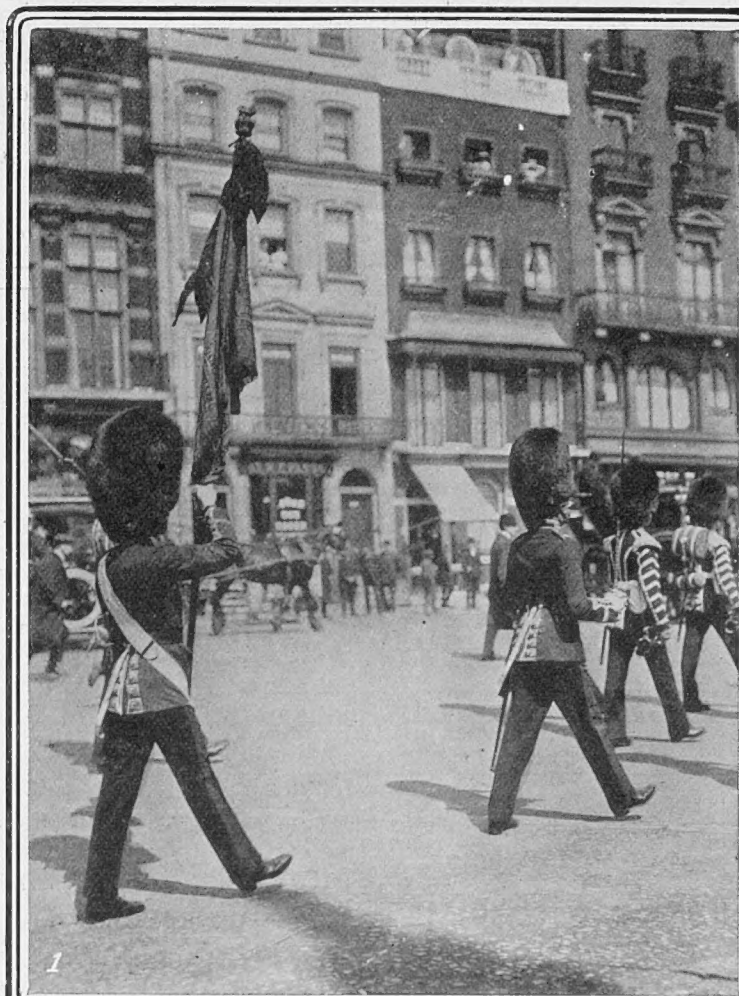
HOW THE BULLETINS WERE POSTED: AN OLD RETAINER OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FIXING A PAPER TO THE PALACE RAILINGS.



OUTSIDE THE MANSION HOUSE IN THE EARLY MORNING AFTER THE KING'S DEATH: READING THE TRAGIC NEWS.

Directly the last and fatal bulletin announcing King Edward's death had been posted outside the railings of Buckingham Palace, the news spread through London with marvellous rapidity, and the sight of the Royal Standard over the Palace flying at half-mast, followed soon by the flags on public buildings throughout the Metropolis, was the first outward sign of the nation's mourning. The tragic news was posted outside the Mansion House in the early hours of Saturday, and was read in awe-stricken silence by groups of newsboys and others going betimes about their work.—[Photograph No. 1 by L.N.A.; Nos. 2, 3, and 4 by Central News.]

MUFFLED DRUMS AND CRÊPE - HUNG COLOURS : MILITARY MOURNING FOR KING EDWARD VII.



1. THE COLOURS HUNG WITH CRÊPE; CHANGING THE GUARD
AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

2. BEARING A CRÊPE-HUNG STANDARD; THE HORSE GUARDS'
SIGN OF MOURNING.

3 and 4. MUFFLED DRUMS AT THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD.

In no way was the sense of national loss sustained in the death of King Edward more impressively brought home to the people of London than by the signs of mourning displayed in the military ceremonies which daily take place in the neighbourhood of the royal residences. The changing of the guard was performed with muffled drums, while the colours carried by the men were hung with crêpe. Great interest was taken by the public in these military movements on Saturday morning. Of the crowd outside Buckingham Palace, some watched the changing of the guard there, while others followed the guard to St. James's Palace. The band did not play, and the ceremony was performed with as little show as possible. It is an interesting fact that a changing of the guard took place at Buckingham Palace almost at the moment of King Edward's death, and the men taking part were unaware that soldiers of King George V. were relieving the last guard of King Edward VII.—[Photographs by the Central News.]

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	HAYLING ISLAND	17 6	11 6	9 6
	SOUTHSEA	19 0	12 0	9 6
	PORTSMOUTH	19 0	12 0	9 6
	ISLE OF WIGHT	21 6	13 6	11 0
	SEAFOARD	14 0	10 0	7 9
	EASTBOURNE	14 0	10 6	8 0
	BEXHILL	14 0	10 6	8 0
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	11 2		
	11 25		
	10 38		
	11 40		

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OUR TWO SUPPLEMENTS.

WITH the present Issue of *The Sketch* we are giving two Supplements, one of which consists of what we feel sure our readers will agree is the finest photograph that was ever taken of King Edward VII. It is safe to say that every copy will be treasured by its possessor as a memento of the Sovereign who, more than any previous King of this country, endeared himself to all classes of the community. The other Supplement contains a number of interesting photographs relating to the life of King Edward VII., and to that of his son and successor, King George V.

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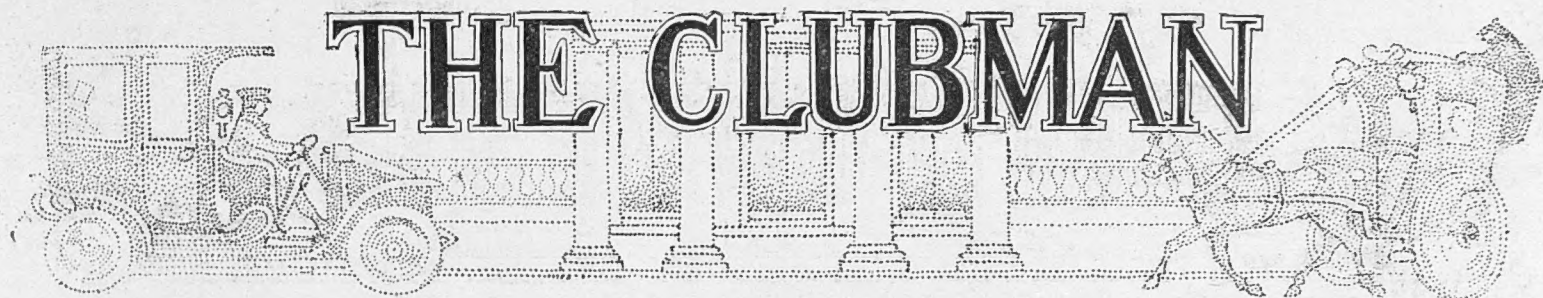
SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.
Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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"Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

The singer of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" is dead. No song probably ever travelled so far and was sung by people of so many nationalities as originated the refrain. The Arab donkey-boys at Suez and Port Said picked it up at once, and it became the chant of triumph with which they welcomed newly landed passengers who were going to see the sights on donkey-back. I once was present at a nautch given by a native merchant in Calcutta. The friend who had taken me knew that City of Dreadful Night as no other European did, and he told me that we were going to witness real native life, untarnished by European civilisation. We were garlanded with flowers and sprinkled with scent, and given native sweetmeats to eat. The dancers were ladies who had come from cities so far distant as Delhi and Benares, and who received fees which equal those a duchess has to pay a prima-donna who sings at her receptions. The dances they danced were, to our European ideas, dull and meaningless; but the natives were in ecstasies over their posturing and stamping and sinuous gyrations. Just at the close the principal dancer—a lady whose name was famous from Madras to the Khyber Pass—being aware that two Englishmen were present, volunteered to sing an English song, and the song that she sang was "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," repeated over and over again, just as the negro who originated it must first have sung it.

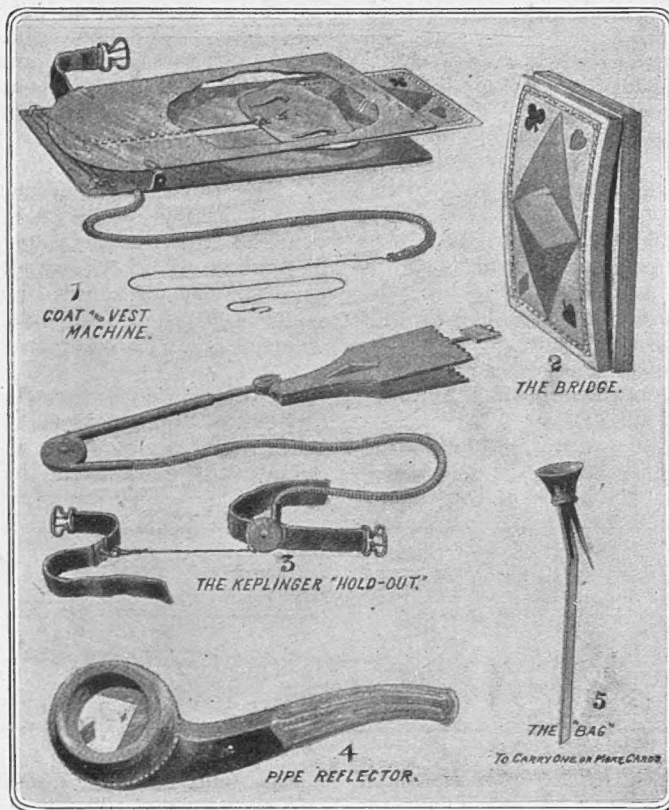
The Taal.

Lord Gladstone, before he started for South Africa in the *Walmer Castle*, had so far mastered the language of Holland that he could put "All shall come right" into excellent Dutch. He is now on his outward journey working hard at his phrase-books, and his secretaries are also becoming accomplished Dutch scholars. But when he gets on to the veldt he will find himself, amongst the Dopper farmers, very much in the position that a Dutchman who has learnt the English of Oxford would be in if he tried to enter into conversation with a Somersetshire labourer. The Taal, the language of the back blocks, is a patois, and in the days when I knew many of the Doppers of the Transvaal and the Free State, they used to mock at the young men coming from The Hague and talking classic Dutch even more than they did at the Englishmen who could talk no Dutch at all. Here and there a Kaffir word has got into the Dutch of the South African

plains, and here and there an English one. A "ticky" is Boer Dutch for sixpence, and a "Scotsman" is the Dutch slang for a threepenny-bit, there being a legend that in the days when fourpenny-bits were current coinage a Scotsman went up-country paying for hides and karosses and ivory in threepenny-bits, which he declared were a new handy form of fourpenny ones. The Dutch that Lord Gladstone has learned will serve him very well in Cape Town; but before he has resided very long at Government House, in Pretoria; or Sunnyside, at Johannesburg, he will find himself talking the kitchen Dutch understood by Kaffirs and farmers and transport-riders just as though he had never learned the classic form of the language.

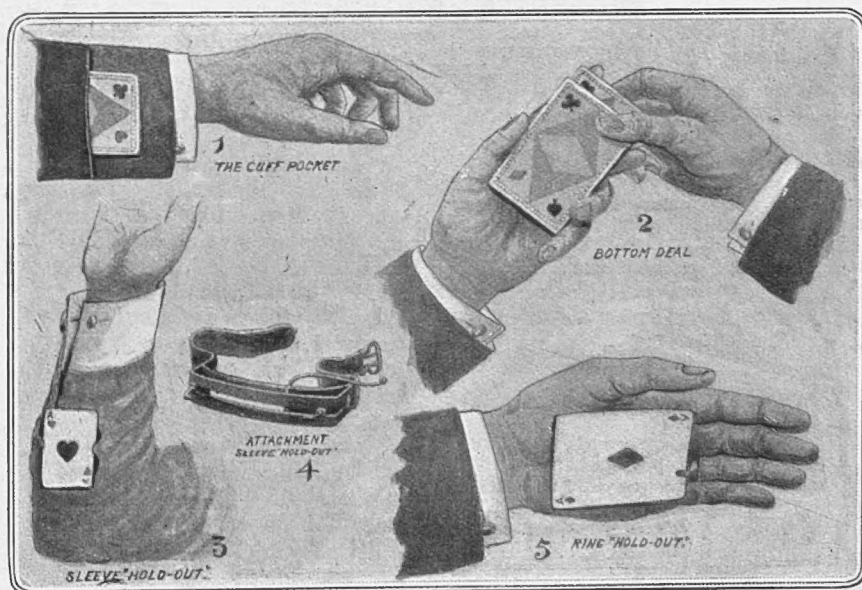
Public School Luxury.

One of the masters of Charterhouse has sounded a warning note in the matter of the luxury that is gradually creeping into all the great public schools. He says, not untruly, that much of a head-master's time is now occupied in the duties of a *maitre d'hôtel*. High thinking we know goes with plain living, and wonderful work can be done on porridge; but if nowadays some house-masters give their boys more luxurious food than they get in their own homes, it is not so much the parents who have pushed them into doing this as that the boys themselves come from preparatory schools expecting to get the delicacies at the big schools they have had at the small ones. There is a tremendous competition between the preparatory schools, and the masters of these establishments know that the surest way to a mother's heart is to convince her that her little boy will have plenty of nice things to eat and drink. The choice of the big public school for his son generally lies with the father, and a man whose school diet was chiefly tough beef and thick bread-and-butter, and resurrection pie and suet-dumplings, is not particularly anxious that his boy should feed on fricassee chicken and vanilla soufflés. One good thing the increase of luxury at the public schools has done, and that is the stopping of the hamper from home. The arrival of that hamper, with its contents of cake and plum-pudding, biscuits and jam, and various other delicacies, meant an orgy for the boy and his bosom friends for a week, and a subsequent bilious attack. Hampers are now discouraged at most public schools, and a boy gets at the dinner table in reasonable amount the good things which he used to devour in the privacy of his bed-room.



(1) A Coat-and-Vest Machine, Designed to Shoot a Concealed Card [into the Gambler's] Hand. (2) Half a Pack of Cards Bent Slightly, to Ensure their Recognition; called "the Bridge." (3) The Keplinger Hold-Out, worked by the Knees; Designed so that the Separation of the Knees causes the Concealed Card to Shoot into the Gambler's Hand. (4) A Pipe with a Small Mirror in its Bowl; Designed to Show to the "Sharp" Cards passed Over it in Dealing. (5) A "Bag" to Hold One or More Cards, which is Stuck into the Wood of the Under-Side of the Table.

HOW GAMBLERS CHEAT: SOME INGENIOUS DEVICES.



(1) The Cuff-Pocket, in which a Card can be Concealed. (2) Dealing in Such a Way that the Bottom Card may be given into any Particular Hand. (3) The Sleeve Hold-Out, which Takes a Card between Two Hooks. (4) The Sleeve Hold-Out in Detail. (5) The Ring Hold-Out; a Card Held within the Palm with the Aid of a Small Clip attached to the Ring.

HOW GAMBLERS CHEAT: TRICKS WITH CARDS.

Pictures Reproduced by Courtesy of the "Scientific American." (See Article elsewhere in this Number.)

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK

DURING the Hartlepool election petition, a witness observed that food ran out at 7 p.m., and only bread was left. Apparently bread is not food at election time.



We shall not pass through the tail of the Comet, after all, for it has been steadily shortening for the last four hundred and fifty years. That is the worst of approaching old age—even the hairs fall out of a comet's tail.

Dialogues of the day. "I've just been to the Academy. I had a splendid view of your pictures." "I'm glad you did me so much honour." "Well, there was such a crowd round those of the other men I know."

The latest Parisian gown measures only a yard round below the knees, and the wearers of such skirts can only take a step twelve inches long at the most. Sack-races will be the fashionable entertainment at garden-parties this summer.

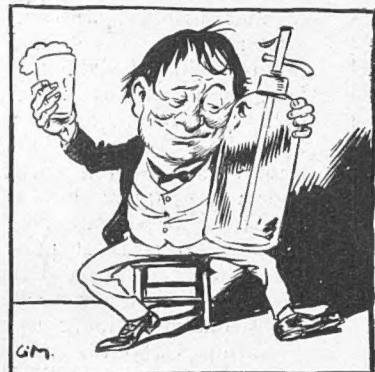
The secrets of beauty. "One of the first secrets taught to every Frenchwoman is that she must keep her lips bright if she would aspire to beauty. Consequently she keeps her health good, and her lips touched with alcohol." And here have any number of men been touching their lips with alcohol for years, and never knew that they were making themselves beautiful.

A very rare old German manuscript Bible, believed to belong to the fifteenth century, fetched £1000 at a sale in Vienna. And now we are waiting for an expert to come along and find some hieroglyphics which prove that the book was written by somebody else.

A MODERN DRINKING SONG.

(Alcoholic liquors are going out of fashion every day, and lemon and mineral waters are taking their place.)

A fig for your brandy-and-soda and whisky,
A fig (why a fig, I'm unable to guess)
For your toppers who drink themselves sodden or frisky
With Malmsey, with Sack, or some similar mess.



No Company's water my palate can tickle,
Of seltzer and soda I'm no devotee;
And e'en for hot water my craving is fickle—
The squeeze of a lemon in 'Polly for me!

A fig, nay a dozen, for those who attack us
As swillers of slops that are hard to digest;
A fig for the purple-nosed minions of Bacchus—
Come, drink to the lemon-tree, lads, with a zest!

And a boxful of figs for those epicene creatures,
The sippers of chocolate, coffee, and tea;
Who cares if it yellows our principal features—
The squeeze of a lemon in 'Polly for me!

Since Mr. Grahame-White has shown us how, all the gay

young dogs in striking togs are going in for aeroplanes, and nowadays no self-respecting man can afford to be seen in anything so old-fashioned as a motor-car. The drivers are having a hot time of it. First, they had to get off the private hansom and learn to chuff, and now they have got to desert the car and learn to aviate, for it is considered bad form to drive your own aeroplane.

The Swiss bride who wanted to be married in the highest church in the Alps was strangely behind the times. For years past, those who aspire to move in the highest circles in America have been married in balloons.

While a cow was being driven to Epping market last week it ran into a cutler's shop, upsetting the stock and breaking a quantity of glassware. Evidently the etiquette for a cow in a cutler's is much the same as for a bull in a china-shop.



"The plainness, amounting almost to gloom," says the *Out-fitter*, "of the mid-Victorian styles is having the usual effect on human

nature, and the reaction towards more brilliant wear has set in." Hurrah! The editor must have noticed our new socks.

THE WHITE LOBSTER.

(A white lobster has been caught at Ventnor. White lobsters, says the *Field* cautiously, are exceedingly rare.)

What was it turned the lobster white?

Was it some fearful shock
That bleached its shell in a single night
And left it a pallid crock?
Or was it, in unexpected proof
Of that story about the snail,
The agony caused by the clumsy hoof
Of a porpoise upon its tail?

Or was it the wit of some playful shark,
Enforced by a toothful grin,
Or the Boojum scandal about the Snark,
Or Paulhan, who "budded in"?

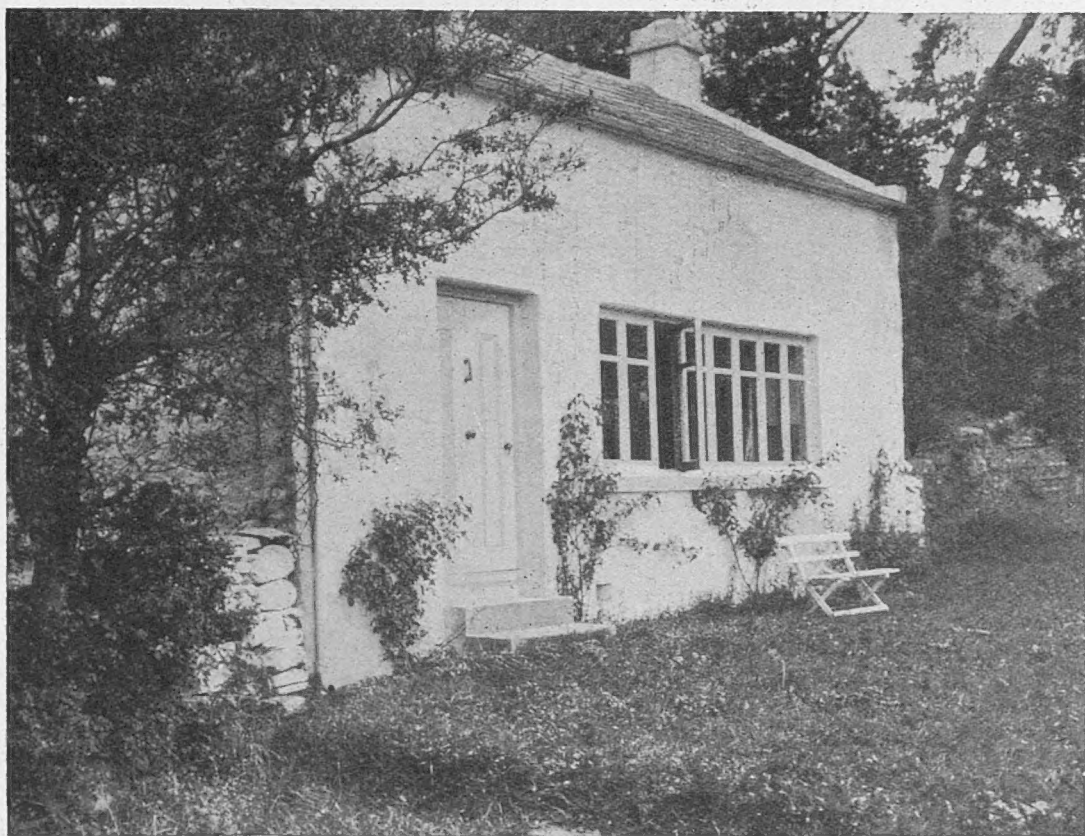
None can the mystery grim unfold,
The queries unanswered go,
For the things that we really want to be told
The scientists never know.

One authority says that we should be infinitely healthier if we were contented with two meals a day. Another doctor lays it down that we should keep in perfect health on one meal a day. Mr. Upton Sinclair has proved on his own person that he was never better than when he did not eat at all. With all these differing opinions, the Mere Man will be content to strike an average, and go on eating five meals a day.

Last year it cost between four and five thousand pounds to feed the animals at the "Zoo." Some of the items of the bill explain themselves. Of course the 45 cwt. of monkey-nuts were eaten by the monkeys, but 4606 lb. of grapes seems rather a lot to expend on teaching Æsop's fables to the foxes.



THE COTTAGE IN WHICH GREAT WORKS ARE COMMITTED
TO PAPER: THE "DEN" OF MR. HALL CAINE, AUTHOR AND ACTOR.

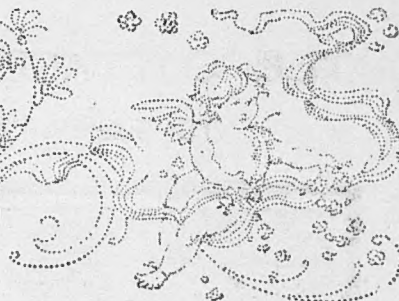


MR. HALL CAINE'S WORK-ROOM IN THE GROUNDS OF GREEBA CASTLE.

In the little cottage here illustrated Mr. Hall Caine writes the books and the plays that have made him so popular. It may be noted that the action against Mr. Hall Caine, arising out of an alleged breach of agreement in relation to a play which was to be called "The Unwritten Law," was settled on terms after a hearing lasting for nearly three days before Mr. Justice Channell and a special jury. The plaintiff was Mr. Montague Vivian Leveaux. After the settlement Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Leveaux shook hands, and it was stated that Mr. Hall Caine would complete the play and the agreement would be carried out with certain modifications.—[Photographs by L.N.A.]



SMALL TALK



LORD GLADSTONE has learned Dutch, but has he been rubbing up his natural history? The things that crawl in the gardens of South Africa are curious and alarming. Everything is strange to the English eye in the landscape of Cape Colony, from the crumpled-looking mountains, that are so sharply outlined against the sky that they might be cut from cardboard, to the insects that you dare not tread on. The spiders—gigantic spiders—are as much at home on your lawns there as the head-gardener is in Norfolk, and quite as difficult to dismiss, while the chameleons quickly put you out of countenance. While at Cape Town, Lord and Lady Gladstone will stay at Newlands; while at Pretoria, in a charming residence made eminently habitable by the recently departed Selbornes.

The Prize-Giver. Baron de Forest's £4000 will soon tremble on the balancing wings of Mr. Grahame-White's bi-plane. Offered for an "all-British" flight, the money will be the only alien element in the bargain. Baron de Forest's vast fortune came to him on the death of Baron Hirsch, whose adopted son he was, from Austria. Thence, too, is his title, used in this country by royal licence. In 1904 he married the Hon. Ethel Gerard, and there is an heir of very small years to the very large estates.

The Motto and the Man. It is as an out-door man rather than a pew-holder that we are accustomed to think of Lord Stair. But there are many good reasons why he will make a suitable Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland. Lord Stair is a descendant of the John Dalrymple who was one of the first of the Scottish Reformers, and although he will not have to play so active a part in the affairs of religion, he is already nicknamed Jacob's Ladder. Lord Stair's motto, like his title, is a monosyllable—"Firm." Lord Rosslyn's is "Fight," and it



RESIGNING THE HEAD-MASTERSHIP OF HARROW: THE REV. JOSEPH WOOD, D.D.

The Rev. Joseph Wood, D.D., M.V.O., is resigning his Head-mastership of Harrow after twelve years. He was previously Head at Leamington and Tonbridge, and is a distinguished scholar, having been an Exhibitioner of Balliol, and taken a first in Mods. and a first in Greats. He is Prebendary in St. Paul's Cathedral. His wife is the daughter of Mr. W. S. Pryce-Hughes, of Northwich Hall, Worcester.

Photograph by R. Haines.



THE MARRIAGE OF "MAX": MISS FLORENCE KAHN, THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN ACTRESS, AND MR. MAX BEERBOHM, THE FAMOUS WRITER AND CARICATURIST, WHO WERE MARRIED LAST WEDNESDAY.

Mr. Max Beerbohm, supposed to be an incorrigible bachelor, has surprised his friends by his sudden marriage. His engagement was only just announced when there came the news of the wedding, within forty-eight hours of fixing the date. Miss Kahn has been well known on the American stage for some ten years. For some time she was Richard Mansfield's leading lady. Among the parts she has played with great success are Mrs. Elvsted in "Hedda Gabler," Rose in Sudermann's "Battle of the Butterflies," Irene in "When the Dead Awaken," the Countess Zicka in "Diplomacy," and the heroine in Ibsen's "Doll's House." About two years ago, she made her first appearance in this country, at Terry's, in Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." "Max" is famous both as writer and as caricaturist. He succeeded Mr. George Bernard Shaw as dramatic critic of the "Saturday Review," a position he has just resigned. He is thirty-eight. He is a half-brother of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.—[Photographs by Davis and Eickemeyer and Russell and Son.]



A GRANDDAUGHTER OF SIR CUTHBERT QUILTER: MISS DENNY.

Miss Denny's mother gave a dance for her last week, at Claridge's. The event would have taken place at Bryanston Square, but for a bad accident that happened there recently.

Photograph by G. Gabell.

drove him to South Africa; Lord Hawke's is "Strike," and that is why he wields a bat, but I doubt if there are many others in the Peerage so compellingly brief.

Greedy.

Nuneham Park, where Mr. Roosevelt may be entertained on the occasion of his



TO POSE AS JULIET IN THE FORTH-COMING ANGLO-SPANISH TABLEAUX VIVANTS: MRS. CLAUDE ASKEW, THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR.

Anglo-Spanish Tableaux Vivants that promise to be of exceptional interest will take place at the Court Theatre on the 24th, under distinguished patronage, in aid of the Queen of Spain's Fund.

Photograph by Lafayette.

visit to Oxford, will provide an American hostess, Mrs. Lewis Harcourt being the daughter of the late Mr. Walter Burns of New York. She is the heroine of a story of Sir William Harcourt, who, when asked if he approved his son's choice of a bride, said: "My only objection is that I cannot marry the lady myself." Mr. Lewis Harcourt has been unwell of late, and obliged to banish himself to Harrogate. We are pleased to think that his doctors have promised him complete restoration of health before the week is out.

The Golden Word. The fining of the Hon. Francis Lascelles, at the rate of one pound a word, for using "bad language" suggests many profitable enforcements of the law. Why not make a retrospective fine of £1 on every performance of "What Every Woman Knows," a play in which one of the chief points is a "dam" that is nothing without a final "n." Mr. Barrie could well spare it, and the Exchequer can hardly afford to ignore such opportunities.

Wanted, a Poet. Very apposite is a story just published of Jowett, showing that he, unlike Lord Harewood's half-brother, was not to be caught swearing. Few people would share his diffidence. Walking with Mr. Sichel on a wet day, he stopped short and said, "I wish Mr. Swinburne were here." "Why?" asked Sichel. "He would damn the mud so," answered the Master.

The Whip. Much interest is aroused by the marriage arranged between Brevet-Major L. Pope-Hennessy and Miss Una Birch, whose charm and exceptional talents are known to a large circle. She is the daughter of Sir Arthur Birch, K.C.M.G.; he the son of the late Sir John Pope-Hennessy, an Irish Nationalist who yet found it in his heart to support the Conservative Party, and who won the affection of Dizzy. The son's politics are unknown to me; his time has been spent in winning military distinctions; but his father's

were an everyday rule of life. I remember when he had a pair of horses of unequal speed, and named them Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Randolph Churchill, in reference to their respective powers. "I have constantly to flick Northcote with my whip," he remarked.



THE THIRD WIFE OF LORD ROSSLYN: THE COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN.

The Countess of Rosslyn, who is deservedly popular, is the daughter of Mr. Eric E. Bayley, late of the 17th Lancers. She married Lord Rosslyn about eighteen months ago, and has one son. She is a wonderful horsewoman and tamer of animals.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

THE BOYS' OWN GENERAL: THE FOUNDER OF THE BOY SCOUTS.



CREATOR OF A GREAT MOVEMENT: GENERAL SIR ROBERT (PETER PAN) BADEN-POWELL IN BOY-SCOUT COSTUME.

When General Baden-Powell founded the Boy Scout movement even he can have had little idea of the magnitude of the task he had set himself, or of the popularity that would attend his efforts. Boy Scouts are now everywhere; they seem to turn up at all sorts of times in all sorts of places, invariably with good results. There is no doubt that the national appeal for £4000 for at least three years, that there may be established in London the headquarters now absolutely necessary, will be answered willingly by the public at large. It must not be assumed that the Boy Scouts mark any great tendency towards the encouragement of militarism in this country or a desire to force conscription. Though some of the rules are necessarily of a military nature, there are many others that rank equally and are of at least the same importance. Among the badges issued in connection with the Scouts is one which is of particular interest. Sir Robert Baden-Powell has described it as follows: "It is not a badge that a Boy Scout can win for himself. It is one which . . . a Boy Scout is privileged by virtue of his standing as a Scout to confer upon other people. It is known as the 'Badge of Thanks.' Anyone who wears this token can at any time command the services of a Scout, and he will probably find that Scouts will offer their services at every turn."

Setting by "The Sketch" from a number of photographs by Illustrations Bureau, W.G.P., Spork Co., L.N.A., and Bolak; Portrait of General Baden-Powell by Kate Pragnell.

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

MR. J. W. FOSTER'S impression of the King as "a man of only fair ability, not greatly oppressed with the cares of State, but not likely to do any imprudent act as Sovereign," is hardly worth preserving in the pages of a book, where we find it, unless as a curiously short-sighted judgment. It is true that it referred to his Majesty when he was Prince of Wales. Edward the Seventh's description of himself on leaving that state is much nearer the mark. He said: "I am a slave—the slave of my responsibilities and duties."

The King. Another American impression of the King is worth quoting at the moment when his Majesty's health is proving a cause of sympathetic anxiety to the whole nation—an anxiety in which the many Americans who are at present visiting this country will no doubt fully share. Mr. Howells one



ENGAGED TO MR. MONTAGUE ELIOT: MISS NELLIE POST.

Miss Post is the daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Post, of U.S.A., and of Lady Barrymore. She has been taken out in London by her aunt, Mrs. Adair, largest landowner of her sex in the world. Her maternal grandfather, General James Wadsworth, was Military Governor of Washington during the Civil War.

Photograph by Poole and Co.

day spied the King tooling along the Doncaster streets in a trap; "probably no man in his kingdom understands better than Edward VII. that he is largely a form. But no Englishman apparently knows better when to leave off being a form and become a man. He is reputed on all hands to be a man of great good sense. . . . He looked like a man of sense that day he drove to the sport he loves beyond any other sport." Mr. Howells seems to have been surprised to find him in a grey suit and in a trap, with a handsome face and a composed and even absent manner of lifting his hat.

The New Venice. Queen Alexandra brought home from her travels an especially pleasant memory, and perhaps several films, of Venice. Even after the radiant colouring of Corfu—accessible to all of us in Mr. Sargent's Academy pictures—she was enraptured by the grey and pink palaces and the unnamable colour of the canals. But is Venice losing its prime characteristic? The telegraphic message that her Majesty "went on shore and walked through the town" reads as if the gondolas and the waterways had been ignored. As a matter of fact, "a walk through the town" hardly describes the Queen's progress through the main piazzas. You can, of course, walk through the town, in a sense, but in doing this you have a feeling of always being behind the scenes. The Queen, it is certain, has no toleration for the

go-ahead Italian who would like to drain the canals and make good dry streets of them.

Pen and Chisel. Princess Louise has introduced two giants within the week. Yesterday she was respon-

sible for H.M.S. *Hercules*; on Saturday she unveiled the statue of Dr. Johnson—a statue that will often face Mr. Chesterton's Johnsonian figure in the Strand. The hero of the day was Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, the sculptor, who is, of course, also the writer. It is several years since he publicly "accused himself" of two hundred volumes. What the total now is he himself could not declare offhand. It is not generally known, perhaps, that specimens of Mr. Fitzgerald's sculpture have been

for many years installed in a church not fifty yards from the Strand.

The House of Mirth.

Laughter but seldom disturbs the decorum of the Hereditary Chamber, and Lord Crewe's complaint in regard to "untimely merriment" reverses the usual order. It is the laugh, or some little show of animation, that most speakers have longed for until they have grown accustomed to the lethargy of the Lords. Many have been the descriptions of the sensations of speaking there. Lord Shaftesbury said that to raise a spark of life in the House was "like warming Nova Zembla"; and Lord Grey's "It is like speaking to dead men by torchlight" is famous.

Beaulieu. Beaulieu, in the New Forest, where the Prince of Wales is to

visit Lord Montagu of Beaulieu at Whitsuntide, is a village as good as it is fair. It has known no drunkenness or other crime for an unheard-of time, and there is more spirit consumed by the Montagu motors in a week than whisky by the villagers in a year. But it is not a dull village. The Vicar keeps it lively because that is the only way to keep it good, and he himself presides over the local dances. The natural beauties of this region are well known, and Lord Montagu can drive his guest in five minutes into the utmost heart of the Forest. I have seen the track of his tyres in the summer dust crossed by another trail ten minutes after he has passed. The snake that crosses the road from one obscure undergrowth to another leaves a mark almost as distinct as the car's.



ENGAGED TO MR. TOM CURTIS: THE HON. MRS. FFARINGTON, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF LORD WALLSCOURT.

Mrs. Ffarington was the Hon. Margaret Phyllis Blake. Mr. William Edmund Ffarington, to whom she was married in 1908, died last year. Mr. Curtis, son of Colonel and Mrs. Curtis, is in the 19th Hussars.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



ENGAGED TO MR. PATRICK VYVIAN HAYES: MISS MABEL FRANCES DUFORT, ONLY DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. J. C. DUFORT, OF 95, QUEEN'S GATE.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.



TO BE MARRIED TO THE HON. RUPERT DRUMMOND, R.N., TO-DAY (11TH): MISS EVELYN BUTLER, DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY ARTHUR BUTLER.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT BAILLIE-GROHMAN, R.N.: MISS CONSTANCE CHURCHILL, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE LATE VICE-ADMIRAL ORFORD CHURCHILL.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY MR. ERIC BONHAM, OF THE SCOTS GREYS, TO-MORROW (12TH): MISS ETHEL ELLIOT-SEYMOUR, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE COLONEL LEOPOLD SEYMOUR.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

THE ENGAGEMENT OF RONALD ARTHUR DALZELL,
13TH EARL OF CARNWATH.



MISS MAUDE MAITLAND SAVILE, WHO IS ENGAGED TO THE EARL OF CARNWATH;
AND THE EARL OF CARNWATH.

It is announced that a marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between the Earl of Carnwath and Maude Maitland, younger daughter of J. Eden Savile and of Mrs. Savile, of 31, Clanricarde Gardens. Lord Carnwath is the 13th Earl, and a Baronet. He would be the 15th Earl but for the Attainder. Born in June 1883, he succeeded his father in the title only last March.—[Photographs by Beresford and Rita Martin.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

Mr. Irving's Revival.

It was hardly for the benefit of the critics that "H. B." revived "Louis XI." so soon after he presented the famous old play at the Shaftesbury. There arrives a moment in the career of the professional playgoer when he feels that he has had about enough of the Boucicault-Delavigne-Quentin-Durward melodrama. Whilst he solemnly records what he believes to be his impressions of the difference between one performance and another, he becomes sadly alive to the untrustworthiness of the memory and to the fact that there are many irrelevant circumstances that form an element in his impressions. I do not wish to see Louis XI. represented any better than he is at present: I doubt whether the part has been more ably played. I am sure Mr. Irving's performance of the effective character is a brilliant piece of acting. What more is there to be said, except a word concerning other players, such as Mr. Frank Tyars (an old Irvingite) Mr. Henry Vibart, and Mr. Eille Norwood, and also Miss Dorothea Baird, a charming Marie de Comines; and Miss Rosina Filippi, an admirable Martha?

"Helena's Downpath."

Facilis descensus is the hackneyed quotation that comes to my mind in speaking of the latest attempt to turn a dainty novelette into a comedy. If I had only ten per cent. of the money lost by adaptations of clever stories I should not regret my refusal to speculate in Rubber shares. Mr. Anthony Hope has to his credit some delightful stories, one of them, indeed, connected with a very successful drama; he might have guessed that the qualities of "Helena's Path" would evaporate when it was being translated to the stage, and also that the belief in heroine and hero, easy to the reader, would be impossible to the spectator. In such cases, alas! the true maxim is "Seeing is disbelieving." Of course, a great deal of "Helena's Path" was pretty and amusing, and sanguine playgoers at the end of the first act chuckled, and said they were going to have a masterpiece; but they did not chuckle and say quite the same thing at the end of the second. They said something altogether different at the end of the third; and some of the audience, forgetful of its merriment earlier in the evening, grumbled a little. The unanticipated note of passion chilled them: they expected a conclusion with a note of sentiment, tempered by the humorous, and not a sudden plunge into the romantic and almost voluptuous. So a great deal of pleasant humour and clever writing left us cold. The acting should not be blamed. As Helena, Miss Irene Vanbrugh was clever, but she has hardly the dainty touch required; Miss Mary Jerrold and Miss Mary Barton were charming, as far as the author gave

them a chance. Mr. Charles Bryant played agreeably, yet I fancy that the character demanded a sterner, more rugged actor. Mr. Arthur Whitby amused us, and so, too, did Mr. Lloyd; and to end, as I began, with a hackneyed phrase, that promising young actor Mr. Charles Maude did all that was possible with his part.



"THE ISLANDER" (AND THE HIGHLANDER), AT THE APOLLO; MISS MARY DIBLEY AS WILHELMINA, MR. NEIL KENYON AS MIRZA MAKH ALI KHAN, AND MISS ELAINE INESCORT AS GEORGINA.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

Pieces at Popular Prices.

The management of the Strand Theatre adopted a new and probably successful method of advertisement when they left the choice of a new broad comedian for their revival of "Two Merry Monarchs" to the last few days, and let the public into all the secrets of the discovery of him, of his unparalleled brilliance, and his prompt engagement; but they put rather a heavy strain upon the marvel "Smith." "Smith" was in the position of a good story which has been heralded by the announcement that you will die of laughing when you hear it. Yet he bore up well in Mr. Workman's not very helpful part of Rolandyl, having a pleasant and kindly turn of humour, and a graceful way of dancing. The other important change of cast in "The Merry Monarchs" since it left the Savoy was the arrival of Mr. Hayden Coffin, in fine voice, as Prince Charmis; and the play, which is well above the average in its music, should give a good chance to this attempt to produce musical comedy at popular prices. Another popular-price revival is "The Prince and the Beggar-Maid," at the Lyceum, a fairly sane and reasonable melodrama, which long ago established a claim to favour, and now reappears with Miss Annie Saker as a very attractive heroine and Mr. Eric Mayne in his usual place as the most imperturbable of villains, supported by that excellent and sympathetic soldier, the Captain Hector of Mr. Frederick

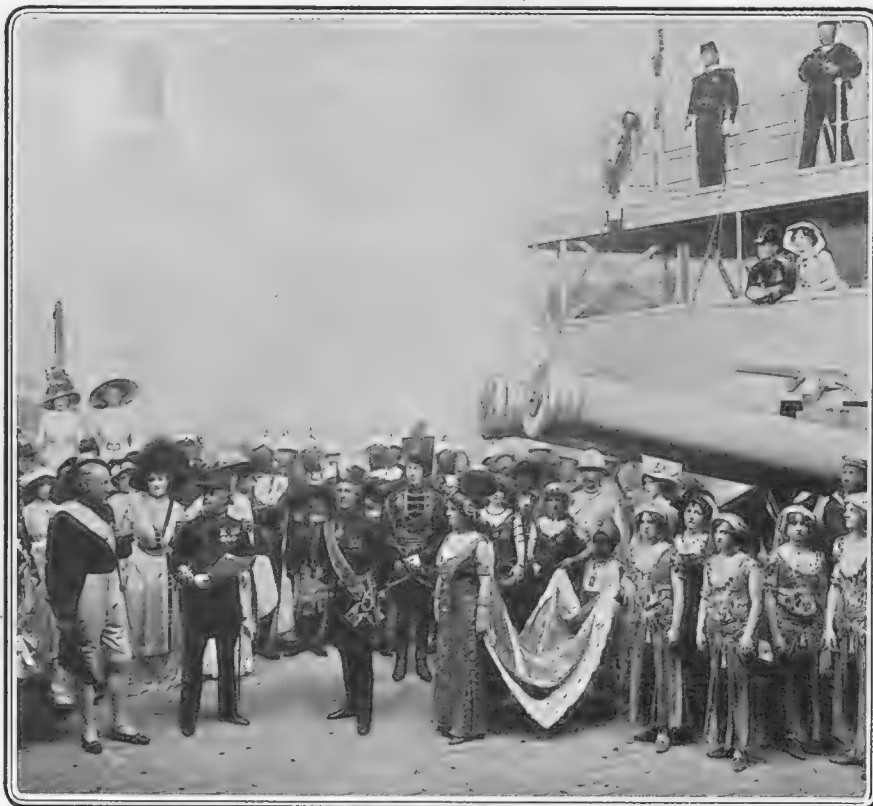
Ross. Seeing this play, one wonders whether the world will ever grow tired of interrupted weddings. The answer of Lyceum audiences, at any rate, is an emphatic "Never!"

Mr. Bouchier's really nothing Play.

There is nothing to speak of in "Parasites" save the acting of Mr. Arthur Bouchier as Colonel Bridau. Mr. Paul Potter has done his adapting with a heavy, uncertain hand, and the players are uninspired by their parts: Mr. Bouchier makes his. Possibly it is a composite picture of good-natured, impudent bullies, and hardly human, but it is energetically comic, and the play wakes up when he is on the stage—but only then. Mr. A. E. George's picture of the rich old fool was clever, yet unimpressive. Indeed, no one could stand up against Mr. Bouchier's clever, vigorous, grotesque figure which, indeed, would have been quite an illegitimate performance had the play possessed any quality.

Mr. Laurence Caird as Sir William Pickerton.

Miss Mabel Burnage as Princess Haidee.



Mr. Sam Walsh as Captain Alderson Jarrett.

Mr. Neil Kenyon as Mirza Makh Ali Khan.

"ON BRITISH TERRITORY": THE GREAT BATTLE-SHIP SCENE IN "THE ISLANDER." The most novel scene in "The Islander" is that called "On British Territory," which shows the deck of a British war-ship. The great guns, it may be noted, are practicable and are fired during the play—be it remarked, for the benefit of the nervous, without noise.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

Elm Tag! Die Deutschen 'kommen!

INCIDENTS OF THE COMING GERMAN INVASION OF ENGLAND; BY HEATH ROBINSON.



IV.—A MASKED RAID ON YARMOUTH BEACH.

So many authors have described in detail the invasion of England by Germany that Mr. Heath Robinson's patriotism has led him to make a thorough investigation of the subject, with some most remarkable results. He has already made three disclosures; the fourth is published this week.

GROWLS

By COSMO HAMILTON.

Chaos and Spring Clean.

This is a growl "by request"—not by the request of one bilious man or two bilious men, but by a whole collection of men without a superabundance of bile from all parts. I take it up with avidity. I turn myself, not into one bear for this occasion, but into the sixty Polar bears which lately drew all the London nurseries to the Hippodrome, and issue a Gargantuan growl. Follow me home. Follow any of my numerous "by requesters" home, and you will understand. Like us, you will say, "Oh, to be out of England now that May is here," and with reason. Instead of finding peace and order, domestic regularity, charming neatness, and nothing unpleasant to catch the eye, you find bleak rooms, piled furniture under covers, painters' pots and brushes, domestics with their heads tied up, wearing expressions of savage joy and the indescribably insolent air of the Upper Dog; the home looks like Alsace-Lorraine after the triumphal entry of the German Army. There is no place in which to rest a weary head, no room in which to smoke cheerfully, no one thing upon which to place the hand. Where, oh, where, is the familiar pipe? Where the cheery tobacco-bowl? Where the half-read book, the day's correspondence, the daily paper? Echo answers, where? Chaos has entered the house through every door, and grins widely in every room—chaos, whose name is Spring Clean.

But—with an Ortonian B. This appalling institution, this yearly orgy, has been written about by comic men, sung about by comic men, and rhymed about in *Punch* the comic paper from time immemorial. It is not, however, a thing which should be dealt with comically, for it has many of the elements of tragedy in it. What, after all, is more tragic than discomfort—what more tragic than the sight of a beautiful woman in horrid disarray, in a pair of old gloves, standing amidst the wreck, the flotsam and jetsam on the domestic hearth? What more ghastly than the appearance of servants at five o'clock in the afternoon in the clothes they should have changed not later than midday? What more terrifying and annoying to the contented, placid soul of the Ordinary Man than the knowledge that a false step may mean the upsetting of a saucer of beeswax or a pot of enamel paint? Cleanliness is, of course, next to godliness. We all take that as read. The removal of cobwebs is necessary. The renovation of barked paint

is desirable. The substitution of the gleaming summer coverings for the winter chintz is pleasant, but—with an Ortonian B—why cannot these things be done when the man is away? Why is it necessary to conduct these yearly manoeuvres at the precise moment when it is absolutely necessary for the man to be at home?

The fact is this. No wife worth her salt will undertake the Spring Clean and its concomitant discomforts alone. There are many of life's discomforts which she must undertake alone, and so she pays out her husband by making him share in this particular discomfort, which is natural, human, and diabolical. It is the wife's one chance for wiping off an old score, a purely imaginary score, a perfectly feminine score, a therefore most unreasonable score. She takes an absolutely fiendish joy in reducing discomfort to an art once a year. Inconsistently enough, the better the wife, the worse the discomfort; the more beautiful the woman, the uglier she makes herself look.

What should happen during this distressing period—is this. The wife, the day before she sums up her courage to commence the Spring Clean, should sail into her husband's den with a radiant smile and say—"Harry dear," or Charlie, as the case may be, or Otho, if she has married the peculiar type—"you need a change of air and scene. Depart in peace, O man. Draw a cheque, select a varied assortment of club colours, collect your golf-clubs, and disappear for a week to Sandwich. There is going to be an inferno in the home." And the wise man who has had some should not argue or stand upon the order of his going. He should obey her directions to the letter, accept his ticket-of-leave, and play three rounds a day thankfully, leaving behind him just one timid and tactful remark:

"Darling, until the millennium, pipes are cleaned with feathers. Do not, if you love me, cleanse my meerschaum in hot water, or apply the vacuum-cleaner to my pet briar." Thus would be saved the marital wrangle, the inter-sexual bickering, the constant application of Saxon to the situation, the beginnings of the inevitable drifting apart in which the Spring Clean has always had so great a share. O wives of England, let us off. Bear this discomfort alone also. Remember that the man is a sensitive soul.



THE EGGS IN THE NEST.



THE BIRDS AT THE AGE OF THREE WEEKS.



THE BIRDS AT THE AGE OF SIX WEEKS, READY TO TAKE WING (BETWEEN THEM THE REMAINS OF A FISH UPON WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN FEEDING).

THE CAMERA IN THE TREE-TOPS: REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE NEST OF RED-TAILED BUZZARDS.

We give here three of the photographs resulting from the use of the camera in the manner shown on the opposite page.—[Copyright Photographs by W. L. Finley and H. T. Bohlmann.]

QUAKE—BY BUZZARDS: PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE TREE-TOPS.



TRYING TO LOOK PLEASANT 160 FEET ABOVE GROUND: "TAKING" A NEST
OF THE RED-TAILED BUZZARD IN A GREAT COTTON-TREE.

We reproduce one of the remarkable bird-photographs taken by Messrs. W. L. Finley and H. T. Bohlmann, the famous naturalist-photographers. The red-tailed buzzard, it may be noted, belongs to a genus of ignoble hawks, and is one of the commonest and largest birds of its kind in North America. The adult has the upper side of the tail bright chestnut-red. It is known commonly as the hen-hawk or chicken-hawk. The young are called white-breasted hawks.

Copyright Photograph by Messrs. W. L. Finley and H. T. Bohlmann. (See other illustrations in "Grouels.")

KEYNOTES

THE PLEA FOR STATE AID TO BRITISH MUSIC.*

MR. W. J. GALLOWAY has done well to publish his well-considered plea for State aid to music at a time of year when those interested are full of enthusiasm. Few are in touch with all the forms of musical activity that may be met between Land's End and John-o'-Groats. Mr. Galloway has made it his business to inquire into them all and to set down in his new book,

"Musical England," the striking story of progress in detail.

He considers the Schools, their defects and advantages; Municipal Music, and the towns that do credit to it; the Army and Navy, with special and pointed reference to the State schools at Hounslow and Eastney; Festivals and Church Music, Concerts and Musical Societies, Musical Competitions, and Opera.



MISS CARRIE TUBB.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

This is indeed a comprehensive survey: there are those who would say that it is rather dull in parts, and it is possible to have too much of statistics. Happily, Mr. Galloway has a definite purpose; his facts and figures lead somewhere—they are piled up in order that the accumulation may impress the reader with the sense of British musical activity, and prepare him to accept the author's contention that the Government should do something more for music than supply a school for soldiers and a school for sailors, and make small grants to the R.A.M. and R.C.M. The £500 given to the Royal College and Royal Academy seems rather small when compared with the £24,132 voted by Parliament in a single year for the National, National Portrait, and Tate Galleries. Artists are heard to say that Government grants to the great galleries, even if they amount to nearly £25,000 in a year, are not very generous, coming from a State with an income

of nearly half a million per diem; but, good or bad, the sum is infinitely greater than music has any hope of obtaining just now. Mr. Galloway is not the only observer who feels that we have here a situation that Mr. George Edwardes might feel tempted to describe as anomalous. There can be no doubt of the civilising effect of music; it elevates the public taste and gives an added significance to hours of leisure, it tempts people to think of an antidote



MISS EDITH EVANS.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



MISS CAROLINE HATCHARD.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

THE THOMAS BEECHAM
OPERA COMIQUE SEASON
AT HIS MAJESTY'S:
THE PRINCIPAL SOPRANI
AND CONTRALTI.



MISS MAGGIE TEYTE.



MISS BETTY BOOKER.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

While it would be distinctly pleasant to enjoy in this country the benefits of first-class music at third-class prices, as in Germany, and in a lesser degree in France, Italy, and Spain, it is not necessary to agree with all Mr. Galloway's contentions. Music, quite unaided, has achieved much in the past few years, and no small part of its achievement has been due to the hard work and self-sacrifice of those who have undertaken a labour of love. Subsidies are not without a certain dangerous side: they create sinecures, they are responsible for jobs, they encourage mediocrities, cranks, and people who were born tired. Municipalities might certainly do much, and do it well: certain cities have shown that they can make music a vital force in their midst; but the plea for a subsidised opera-house will acquire more force when we have English operas that arrest attention and can stimulate instead of depressing those who attend their performance. There will be few unprejudiced observers ready to declare that English music is not receiving as much attention as it deserves. A few one-act operas of undeniable interest have been written of late, and Miss Ethel Smyth, Mr. Frederick Delius, and Dr. Naylor have received a hearing. But not even Mr. Galloway could persuade us that they deserve a subsidy — *sepetit natura relictos*.

The chief interest attaching to Mr. Galloway's plea for State aid lies in the abundant evidence he can produce to prove that, as a nation, we are doing very well without one.

Concerts were never better, never more numerous than they are to-day. Provincial festivals and municipal music are beginning to thrive, and many people go to opera to hear the music and the singing as well as to study the dress of their neighbours. Sunday concerts are as the sands upon the seashore for multitude, and are well-nigh as attractive to public; the music-schools are crowded. Every performer of eminence, together with some others, may be reckoned among the spring and autumn migrants to the Metropolis. Where one musician could earn a living twenty years ago, a dozen can find ample occupation to-day. In short, while Mr. Galloway's anxiety is decidedly praiseworthy and his book, on the whole, quite interesting, we think his anxiety is misplaced.



MME. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN.

Photograph by Aimé Dupont.



MISS RUTH VINCENT.

Miss Vincent is shown with her son, "Budge."

Photograph by Rita Martin.

and to study, and is something to coarse and violent pleasures.



MISS MURIEL TERRY.

Miss Terry is a pupil of the Guildhall School of Music.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

* "Musical England." By W. J. Galloway. (London: Christophers.)

THE MAN OF TAKING WAYS.



THE WAITER: What will you take next, Sir?

THE KLEPTOMANIAC (*absent-mindedly*): Thanks — the cruet, I think.

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

FISHERMEN'S TALES—TRUE.*

SOMEWHERE about the middle of his book, Mr. Bradnock Hall has provided a peg upon which it would be easy for the reviewer, were he so minded, to hang a "slate." Fortunately, it will be put to better use: compliments will dangle from it. "The diaries of anglers," says our author, "are not, as a rule, interesting even to sympathetic brethren of the craft. Still less exhilarating to the ordinary reader are the bald accounts of kills and losses, the hope of rain, the discomforts of too much rain, the description of the flies used, *et hoc genus omne*. Doubtless it gives some satisfaction to the compiler, or he would not do it. When rods are sleeping stiffly in their canvas cases, and the river is wrapped in the dreamless slumber of winter, he turns, perhaps, to his holiday notes and sketches, and solaces his weary spirit with thoughts of past and future pleasures; but he does not attempt to give the world the disjointed jottings which mean so little to the man who has not been there. *He* only wants to be amused, and does not care a button whether any particular sportsman did well or ill last season, on any given day." These be words of wisdom, and Mr. Hall has laid them to heart with such excellent result that his book is capital reading—either for fisherman or layman.

Witness the yarn (with its fellows, guaranteed true) of the Scottish train-guard of whom Charles, his friend, has to tell. The said Charles was in Scotland making a short walking tour with an Aberdeen doctor. And lo! they came across "Lord Twyford" fishing in a little river not a hundred miles from the Dingwall and Strome Ferry Railway. His Lordship had come out without a net, had hooked a salmon, and had no idea how to get it ashore. While the question was being debated a passing train drew up, "and the driver obligingly waited while the guard came across the intervening fields to see the fun and offer his advice, which was pertinent. The man was plainly fertile of resource, and at once volunteered the information that, though there was not a net within five miles, he knew of a hamper at the signal-box which would serve our turn, and he would fetch it himself for a consideration. His offer was gladly accepted, so, signalling to his mate on the engine to hold on, as he was taking leave of absence on urgent private affairs, he trotted heavily away to find his novel substitute for a net. The fish . . . was still on when the guard reappeared, red and breathless, carrying a small hamper. . . . The doctor suggested that the guard should lie face downwards on the bank, while we held his legs, so as to enable him to reach the water. Result: the greater part of a Scot in the water, the 'netting' of a fresh-run nine-pounder, a discussion, and the leisurely return of the guard, soaked from head to waist, to the train and its passengers."

Then there is the description of the "hole-y" umbrella, made to do duty as net when a couple-of-pound perch was in jeopardy; of the fish that was "hung"—"he was badly hooked in the shoulder, but the line was so tightly wound round his gills that he was actually strangled"; of the sunken wire fencing that played single-handed and helped to kill a fifteen-pound salmon. And there are tales of occasions on which the anglers must have wished for belief in some such charm as that favoured by certain fishermen

of years ago—"whom the mariners, after they have took, use in this sort. . . . Eight or nine times they swinge them [herrings] about the mainmast, and bid them bring them so many last of herrings as they have swinged them times, and that shall be their ransome, and so throw them into the sea again." And of other days upon which they must have wished all fish blind—"An ordinary fish can easily tell the difference between the natural fly and the ordinary commercial fly offered to him by the ordinary fisherman; but some are stupid, or the sport would die out. After a good meal, a trout ceases to accept every natural fly, even when it gives him no trouble. At first he will take half, then a third, and, finally, perhaps, one in ten of those which exactly comply with the conditions of the game. Consider how difficult it is to catch such a fish."

Further, there is a "Foul-Hooked" chapter: "I recollected that, once upon a time, when I was fishing . . . I had accidentally hit a swift on the wing. . . . While this recollection of striking the swift in the air was still in my mind, I began again to fish, and nearly caught a water-hen, but she took the natural fly instead. . . . James had never caught a water-hen, but once, he said, upon honour, he had got fast in a rat, which he succeeded in netting. . . . We strolled over the bridge together, lamenting our want of luck, and wishing we could fish as well as the Major, who is constantly here, and throws a line like the best poetry. As it happened, the Major was fishing the bridge pool, and there were half a dozen of the curious and idle, amongst whom was the village constable, looking on. . . . A motor whizzed by, raising a cloud of dust, and they turned their heads, as

people instinctively do; so did the Major, and, by one of those strange accidents which happen even to the skilful and experienced, he lost the thread of his thoughts and sent the line over the bridge instead of under it. It stayed there in the air, for, to his great consternation and the corresponding delight of the loafers, he found that he had hooked the policeman in the nose. . . . No apologies could recover that unlucky barb from his proboscis, and, accompanied by all the spectators, he had to walk off to the village doctor. . . . Others could tell of similar incidents of the chase. One writes that there is nothing particularly unusual in catching a bat whilst fishing at night or in the dusk, while another describes the capture of a sea-trout and a bat on a single cast."

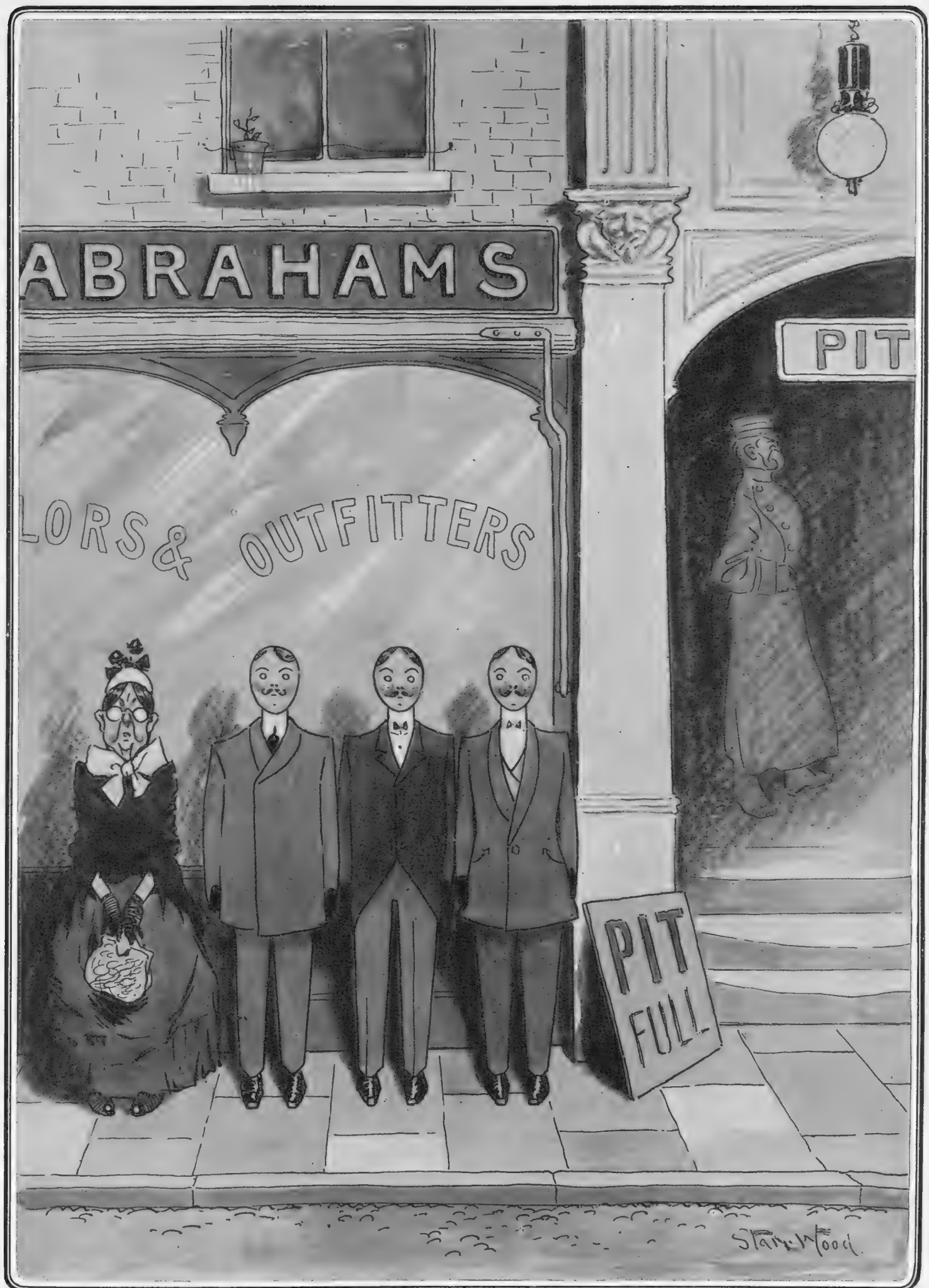


AN ANALYST OF WOMAN: M. MARCEL PRÉVOST, THE NEW "IMMORTAL."

M. Marcel Prévost, who has succeeded to the chair of Sardou in the French Academy, has made a specialty of analysing the soul of woman. He was for some years an engineer in the State tobacco factories, and he had published some seven novels before his first real hit with "Demi-Vierges." This is not a pleasant study of a particular type of girl, and M. Prévost's enduring literary fame really rests much more on "La Confession d'un Amant," the very moving story of a young Frenchman who has formed an extremely high ideal of womankind, and "Lettres de Femmes," most intimate epistles, in which he carries psychological analysis to its very highest expression. The Feminist cause in France has an ardent supporter in M. Prévost. He has always been fond of England, which he has visited more than once, one of the occasions being in the capacity of correspondent for "Gil Blas" when the German Emperor paid his first State visit to this country.—[Photograph by Gerschel.]

* "Norwegian and Other Fish-Tales." By Bradnock Hall. With Sixteen Illustrations. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 5s.)

QUEU' RIOUS !



AUNT MARTHA, THE SHORT-SIGHTED (after a five-hours' wait by the side of the tailor's dummies): Well, if this theatre doesn't open soon, I shall go somewhere else.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE JESTER'S CLOAK.

By EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

THE carnival on the pier was at its height when the eyes of the Jester, as he skated slowly round the rink, first lit on the figure of the Butterfly. At the next corner an inadvertent collision brought them face to face, and the Jester, recovering his balance, bowed gravely.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "In such a crowd——"

The Butterfly looked confused and a little angry.

"Oh, it's all right——" she began, and checked herself with a gasp of surprise. "Well—I simply didn't recognise you," she declared, "in that ridiculous costume! Why, what on earth has brought you here to-night?"

The Jester shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"You," he informed her calmly. "I heard you were likely to come; your cousin Jack told me. . . . So you think the disguise good?"

"He might have told me that he had told you, and then I shouldn't have come at all," she retorted with winning effrontery. "Oh, yes—very good. . . . I didn't know you . . . you have painted your face, too——" She took a quick, critical survey of his countenance, adding: "It's not exactly an improvement," and, as an afterthought—"You look like Rigoletto."

"A character I always rather admired," was his comment. "And as for you"—there was the least suggestion of mockery in his voice—"you look perfectly charming as a butterfly; so—natural! . . . You are here with a party, of course—cousins, aunts, and so forth?"

The Butterfly laughed lightly.

"I suppose you mean that for satire," she remarked. "But I don't mind in the least. Yes, a party of us. I am staying with my aunt for a week down here, as you know. Rinking's such fun—especially in a place where you are not known . . . though I never dreamt of meeting *you* here. I thought you were in town."

"I came down last night—ran across Jack at the club. He told me, and I wired off to Clarkson's for this rig-out. . . . I wanted to see you. . . . Shall we skate round?"

"Yes—but they will wonder who I've got hold of," said the Butterfly, a little apprehensive. "They know I know nobody here, and they don't know that you are here; and if they did they wouldn't know you in this costume; and so——"

"Jack knows," said the Jester. "He will soothe their suspicions, if necessary. . . . One moment!" His hands closed tightly on hers, and he drew her suddenly aside as the stream of rinkers swept by. His eyes were following the form of a graceful woman, dressed as a vivandière, who had just passed them, smiling up into her companion's face and chattering loudly. The Butterfly frowned.

"Pray, what's that for?" she demanded petulantly. "You seem extremely interested in your—friend."

"Friend!" The Jester gave a bitter laugh. "Handsome, though—isn't she?"

"Do you mean the—the creature in the vivandière's dress?" The Butterfly's voice rang with the superb scorn of class arrogance. "Perhaps—but she's quite common."

The Jester looked pained. "Oh, I shouldn't say that," he protested. "Besides, at a public rink-carnival one must expect. . . . Anyhow, I'm glad my disguise is good," he added, a trifle irrelevantly.

The Butterfly regarded him with a stony stare.

"Is that why——" she began, when the Jester cut her short.

"It's getting very hot and crowded and noisy in here," he complained. "One can hardly hear oneself speak—and I want to talk to you. . . . Do you mind coming outside for five minutes—the night is beautifully fine and warm?"

The Butterfly glanced round; behind them, at the other end of the rink, on a raised platform reserved for spectators, sat her aunt

with two or three friends of her party, engaged in a spirited conversation; her cousin Jack was at the moment invisible, but she knew that Jack was the soul of discretion; it certainly was hot, too—and then there was the Vivandière. . . . She nodded a mute assent, and the Jester silently led her to a seat, took off her skates and his own, looped them over his arm, and, still silently, they passed through a side door and into the fresh air of the balcony beyond.

The Jester drew in a deep breath, sighed, and appeared about to speak, but said nothing—which annoyed the Butterfly.

"Why can't you talk?" she demanded irritably.

"I'm going to," said the Jester, "presently. Here is the cloak-room—you had better get something to put over your shoulders, or you will catch cold. . . ."

She obeyed, and rejoined him a moment later, wrapped in a fur-lined cloak. "I am not going to stay out here long," she announced; "I just want to know——"

"Yes?" inquired the Jester, politely, as she paused.

"Well—who that woman is," ended the Butterfly, looking straight in front of her.

"I think," he observed with passionless deliberation, "it will be pleasanter lower down, towards the pier-head—we are less likely to be disturbed by people walking about. . . ." He stopped as they reached the stairway leading to the lower level and looked at her. "Do you mind?"

"Oh," the Butterfly shrugged a little impatiently, "not in the least. . . . Of course if you don't wish to—to——"

"On the contrary, your interest in the matter flatters me," was his grave rejoinder. "How soft the air is out here, how sweet the scent of the sea—do you note how the moon cuts a path across it yonder?"

"Well, I'm not blind!" retorted the Butterfly unfeelingly. "And I'm really not interested a bit—you are quite mistaken."

He acquiesced with a smile. "Your candour is admirable," he observed, leading her to a seat at the side of the pier, directly overlooking the sea. "Shall we sit here? I have a little story to tell you."

"A story?" she echoed, glancing at him curiously. "About what?"

"You remember 'Rigoletto'?" he said, sitting down beside her, "and the sack—and the thunderstorm? Well, it's not quite as bad as that, and there's no thunderstorm to-night, and no 'Donna e Mobile.' But it's about a jester, all the same . . . a Jester, and a Butterfly, and a—Vivandière, shall we say?"

The Butterfly stiffened perceptibly.

"Thank you," she began, "but I prefer not to be associated with——" Then her curiosity got the better of her pride, and she laughed awkwardly. "Well—go on," she said, tilting her nose.

"It's only a—story," expostulated the Jester. "If you would rather not hear it——"

"Oh, I don't mind," she interrupted amiably. "Is it exciting?"

"That depends to some extent upon the listener. . . . Are you ready? Shall I begin?" he asked.

The Butterfly nestled down into her furs, signifying her assent with a languid nod, and the Jester, leaning his elbow on the balustrade, looked out across the sea for a moment in silence.

"Once upon a time," he said at length, "there was a Jester who loved a girl——"

"What a foolish beginning to a story!" she objected.

"Most stories begin foolishly," he pointed out, "and, after all, it's not the beginning, but the end, that matters. . . . Well, this particular Jester happened to take his love more seriously than even jesters usually do—you see, he was very fond of the girl, and

[Continued overleaf.]

GO, FATHER! AND FARE WORSE!



THE FATHER OF THE FAMILY (having met an apparently unattached child): 'Er course, M'ria, I don't want to take it so long as yer sure it ain't ours; but I kind er thought we 'ad a yaller-aired one somewheres about that age.



THE PROUD FATHER (on the Stock Exchange): By Jove, Vi, this young 'un knows what he's about: look how he's watching Rubber!

wanted to have her all to himself, which was, of course, a very ridiculous and unreasonable thing to expect. But the girl was a Butterfly, and loved to flit from flower to flower in the garden of pleasure, and the Jester, being a dull fellow—as most jesters are—soon lost all attraction for her; she made it clear that his attentions were becoming irksome to her; she snubbed him and mocked him, though once she had pretended that she—

"I suppose a girl's moods may change?" put in the Butterfly, in the impartial tone of a commentator.

"Mutability is, I admit, their essential characteristic," agreed the Jester. "She had certainly led him to believe that she—well, liked him—"

The Butterfly punctuated the sentence with a little contemptuous laugh, and for the fraction of a second the Jester's face hardened before he continued—

"No doubt he was mistaken, but nevertheless he foolishly persisted in clinging to this belief—in spite of all. He set himself to try and find out the truth—the real truth—whether she cared for him or not—"

"Why didn't he ask her?" suggested the Butterfly carelessly.

The Jester shook his head and smiled.

"That shows," he observed, "how little you understand the character of the Butterfly in my story. The very last way to find out was—to ask her. Even the Jester knew that. So he sought for some other means of putting the matter to the test. But meantime they drifted gradually apart, and for some weeks he saw less and less of her—"

"Pray, whose fault was that?" demanded the Butterfly.

"How can I tell you the story if you keep on interrupting me?" protested the Jester, in an injured tone. "For some weeks, I say, he scarcely had an opportunity of seeing the Butterfly at all, and then one day he resolved to see her at all costs, for he had something important to tell her, before bidding her a final good-bye."

"Good-bye!" echoed the Butterfly with a start.

"Yes—the story is getting a little dramatic now. . . . It seemed to the Jester the only thing to do—under the circumstances, and he determined to do it. By a remarkable coincidence, too, he learnt that it was to—Eastbourne, shall we say?—that the Butterfly had gone on a short visit to some relatives. So he followed her there, and met her one evening on the rink."

"He needn't have taken all that trouble just to—to say good-bye, one would think," murmured the Butterfly.

"Ah, but he wanted to see her, and speak to her—perhaps for the last time. You forget that he had something to tell her, too—something he had hidden from her up till then."

"What was that, I wonder?" said the Butterfly, studiously suppressing the tremor in her voice.

The Jester let his glance travel to the distant light-ship and back across the moon-lit track of waters, to the face of the Butterfly, half-hidden in the high collar of her fur cloak, before answering slowly—

"That he was already married."

"Married?" She sat bolt upright, and looked at him with wide, incredulous eyes. "Married!" she repeated, while in her cheeks the colour came and went, and left her pale. "Surely, you—he—he was joking!"

"That's precisely what the Butterfly thought when he told her," replied the Jester impassively. "It seems he had been married long ago to a woman whom he believed to have died abroad. He imagined he was free, of course, and he did not tell the Butterfly—or anyone else—that he was a widower. . . . Then, quite unexpectedly, he discovered that the woman was not dead at all; that she had returned to England; that she was, in fact, at that very moment in the same town as themselves—"

The Butterfly leaned forward, and there was a startled look in her eyes. "In the same town! Then . . . then—who was his wife?" she asked, in a sudden sharp whisper.

"She was a—Vivandière," he said slowly.

The Butterfly sank back into her place with a little inarticulate sound.

"That woman!" she murmured, staring straight before her.

"You will perceive," he went on, "how awkward the situation was."

"Awkward!"—she gave a strange little laugh—"yes, I suppose it *was* awkward. . . . Well—and how does the story end?"

The Jester shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know—yet," he answered. "You see, the Butterfly didn't care for the man, and so—"

"Didn't care for the man!" she repeated in an odd, mechanical tone. "Yes, yes; and so—?"

"It made very little difference to *her*. But the Jester—well, for him it was another matter: life held nothing more to hope for; the sea beckoned him, and there he seemed to read the last solution of the difficulty—there only could be found the waters of oblivion, which he sought. . . ." The Jester rose and leaned over the rail of the pier with a determined air. "And so he spoke his last farewell to the Butterfly, and plunged—"

"No, no!" With a terrified exclamation the Butterfly started to her feet and laid a quick, restraining hand upon his arm. "Oh, for God's sake, Lord Alfred, don't do that!" she entreated. "You don't know . . . you—you—" She clutched at the rail, too, with her other hand, and stood panting and frightened, gazing at the Jester. He turned and met her eyes.

"What—don't you like the end of the story?" he inquired politely.

"It's cruel of you," she murmured. "She—she *did* care for the man!"

The Jester withdrew his left foot from the seat and placed it again on the floor; then he regarded her silently for a moment.

"Do you think," he asked at length, "that she cared for him enough to mind whether he lived or died?"

"Yes. . . . I—I believe she cared for him more than for anybody else in the world," faltered the Butterfly weakly.

The Jester uttered a short, triumphant laugh.

"In that case," he said, "we shall have to alter the ending of the story, and—reconsider the plot."

"It's too late now," she replied, in a limp tone. "There's the—the Vivandière. . . . Your"—she shuddered slightly—"your . . . wife!"

"My wife!" The Jester glanced at her with affected amazement. "*My* wife? Why, what on earth do you mean?"

"You told me that. . . . Isn't it true, then? You said—Oh, what *are* you talking about?" she inquired wildly. "You—you distinctly said the woman was your wife. . . ."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Jester. "You must have entirely misunderstood me. I didn't say she was *my* wife; I said she was the *Jester's* wife—the Jester in my story."

"Your *story*? . . . Then it was all simply a—a pack of nonsense?" demanded the Butterfly, reddening.

"I don't call it 'nonsense,'" protested the Jester with dignity. "Besides, I told you at the very commencement that it was only a story—and not at all a bad one, either, considering that I had to make it up as I went along. I've read much worse stories," he added, "in quite good magazines. . . ."

But the Butterfly looked at him unheeding, one thought only uppermost in her mind.

"Then you are *not* married?" she asked in a queer voice.

"Not yet; but I hope to be—soon," he replied.

"And you didn't intend to throw yourself into the sea just now when I stopped you?"

"Certainly not," said the Jester indignantly. "I was merely gazing over the side at—at a gold-fish, or something of the sort that caught my eye."

There ensued a short silence, during which the Butterfly continued to regard the Jester with an expression of mingled wrath and relief. The Jester himself seemed lost in thought.

The pause was broken by a little mirthless laugh from the Butterfly.

"There is just one more question of mine that you have not answered, Lord Alfred," she said, glancing down. "Who is your—friend, the . . . Vivandière?"

The Jester started from his reverie, and fixed his eyes on her in surprise.

"I really don't know," he rejoined. "How should I? I never saw the lady in my life before this evening. She suggested the character in my story, that is all . . . a handsome woman, but, as you say, perhaps—a little common—"

The Butterfly rose from her seat and gathered her fur cloak round her. "I shall never forgive you for making such a fool of me," she declared, with her chin in the air.

The Jester rose too, and gently, but very firmly, encircled her waist with one arm: with the other he drew her head towards his shoulder. "Don't you think," he said, "that you have made a fool of me long enough . . . dear?"

But owing to her fur collar, the Butterfly's answer was inaudible.

THE PERFECT MAN

THE tennis, cricket, and boating clubs are now in full swing, and the various members have had to decide what is the correct style for those purposes. We use the term "correct" rather than "suitable," for fashions have changed so much during recent years in the clothing for these pastimes that one wonders if our successors fifty years hence will look with as much pity on the styles of to-day as we do on the tall hats and other garments worn by cricketers half-a-century ago, which were then deemed the most suitable for the purpose. We think differently to-day, and it will therefore be of interest to note what is considered the correct dress for these purposes at the present time. The three sports in question may be grouped together, because, as regards costume, they have much in common, though each has its individual features.

Trousers are the correct leg-wear, and these are usually made of flannel, but sometimes serge or linen drill is preferred. The former is very smart, and the latter washes well; but the serge is very ravelly and not very durable, whilst the drill exposes the wearer to the dangers of catching cold; consequently it is rarely used. At Oxford and Cambridge white flannels are the favourites, but many Londoners prefer grey or striped flannel. In all cases the trousers are made wide and long in the legs, with the result that the bottoms are always worn turned up. The tops are finished with loops, and buckle and strap. If brace-buttons are attached, they are sewn on the inside, and if braces are used they are worn under the shirt, openings being made in it for the brace-ends to come through. Pockets are usually placed at the sides, and sometimes a hip-pocket is added.

The style of shirt now worn varies a good deal; for cricketing it is usually of cream flannel, has a turn-down collar, which is generally worn unfastened, and a patch-pocket on the left breast; but for boating or tennis it may be of white or striped cotton or linen, and partake much more of the ordinary style; a white linen collar and small tie are usually worn with this. The soft collar is occasionally preferred, but its use is decidedly limited. For boating and cricket, knitted sweaters are worn over the shirt when extra warmth is desired. These are made in white and grey, the former being the most favoured. They may be obtained with an open neck, but more frequently they are finished with a deep collar, so as to provide protection for the throat as well as the body. Tennis-players have quite recently

created a fashion for very long and full blanket coats, which they slip on after finishing a "set" and when they are probably perspiring. These coats resemble a long travelling-wrap; they are made double-breasted, and have patch-pockets on the hips. The majority are made with pointed or square lapels, but some few are being finished with the fashionable roll-collar and turn down to the waist. They are made from a rough cream cloth that somewhat resembles a blanket—hence the name.

The blazer is a garment common to all three pastimes, but it may either be single or double breasted. Those worn at the 'Varsities are invariably single-breasted, and are finished unlined, except through the sleeves. They are made from striped flannel, or blue in the case of Blues, and are generally bound on the edge with college ribbon, while the college badge is embroidered on the breast-pocket. Many of the London clubmen have blue-flannel blazers with brass buttons, and in some cases the club monogram on the breast-pocket, a watch-pocket being placed at the side of the breast-pocket. There are quite a large number of men who are wearing double-breasted reefers in place of this—for instance, Mr. C. B. Fry has chosen this style of jacket, finished with three patch-pockets on the outside, and having the fronts made to button three. Turn-back cuffs are placed on the sleeves, and in cream flannel this makes a very dressy garment. Many have jackets and trousers of the same striped material in grey or green, but this style is mostly favoured by men who are not attached to any club. In both styles the neck and shoulders are the fitting parts, the lower portion being made easy-fitting, but shapely.

The headgear varies a good deal, but the straw boater is the most popular for all open-air pastimes; for whilst the close-fitting cap is still worn by many for cricket, yet that is more frequently when they are actually playing; but when in the field at other times the straw hat is preferred. The Panama and the soft-felt both have a limited number of patrons, but neither of these can compare with the plain boater. Club sashes are worn by some men round the waist to support their trousers; the belt also serves the same purpose for others, but neither of these articles is so much worn as it once was.

Brightly coloured socks, such as are so popular for general wear, also make a noticeable feature in such outfits, whilst white boots or shoes add completeness to these summer suits.

W. D. F. V.



THE MODEL, THE WORK, AND THE SCULPTOR: CAPTAIN ADRIAN JONES GIVING FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE "DRIVER OF THE CHARIOT." Captain Adrian Jones is now completing the equestrian group which is to be placed on Burton's Arch, Constitution Hill. In the photograph, he is shown at work on the driver of the chariot, with a boy-model posing for him.—[Photograph by Barratt.]



THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE: MME. LIANE DE POUGY'S MUCH-DISCUSSED HAT.

As we note under our photographs of Mme. Liane de Pougy on another page of this Number, a hat worn by Madame at St. Germain during the Easter holidays caused certain passers-by to make remarks. The result had a sequel the other day in an appearance before the court of the Juge de Paix, at Versailles, and the production of the hat in question, which is here illustrated.—[Photograph by W.G.P.]



By HENRY LEACH.

Golfing Clothes. It is just at this time of the year, when on some of the finer days we first begin to think we may leave home for the golf-links without the protection of an overcoat, that the fancies of many golfers turn with some anticipatory pleasure to the question of the new golf-suit that they propose to buy for themselves this season. It is a nice subject to think upon; for the golf-links are one of the few places where the unfortunate male can depart with any freedom from the severe conventionalities in the matter of dress. Here he may wear what he pleases, and well does he know it, and well do the tailoring people know it also, for they offer him many wonderful costumes abounding in tucks and pleats. But the freedom which is given to the golfer in his dress is exercised curiously in quite different ways. There are the men who like the tucks and pleats and all the fancinesses that they can buy, and there is an opposite party who vie with each other in wearing the oldest and most disreputable-looking garments that they can produce. The evolution of the golfer in this matter of dress often proceeds on particular lines. In the early days just succeeding his initiation, he is timid, and ventures upon nothing more than simple breeches or knickerbockers. It takes him some little

much money and high position, who may walk down the chief thoroughfares in the untidiest clothes, if they please to do so, without injuring their social or professional position. There are some old jackets that are quite famous. Mr. Hilton has one that has been with him to no end of championship and other meetings, and from some of them it has come back a very proud jacket. Mr. John Graham, another famous amateur of the Hoylake school, also appears most frequently in a favourite light jacket, which we seem to remember almost as long as we remember the player. Most of these historic jackets are light grey in colour, and are generally made of Irish tweed.



MISS F. HEZLET DRIVING FROM THE SIXTH TEE.

Necessity and Comfort.

How much of the tucking and pleating business is necessary or even advisable? Not very much from the golfing point of view. It is just a matter of taste, and if the man wishes to appear smart and unconventional he may have as much of it as he pleases. But most of the special arrangements that are supposed to give great freedom of movement do not appreciably help the player. Your clothes will not assist you to play this terrible game. There is Mr. John Ball, who has won six amateur championships and an Open one, and always plays in a



MISS ORMSBY BUNKERED ON THE WAY TO THE FIFTH GREEN.



MISS C. LEITCH BUNKERED ON THE WAY TO THE FIFTH GREEN.

time to realise, even in these days, when you may play for a hundred days on a hundred different courses without seeing a touch of red against the green, that the red jacket, which was *de rigueur* not merely with our fathers but with our elder brothers, is not to be worn on any occasion except at Blackheath or Wimbledon, where it is enforced because the game there is played upon common land.

The First Stage. When he begins to understand the game, and has some confidence in talking about it and visiting strange courses, our man sets himself up with a real golfing suit, including breeches and a jacket with a few pleats; and in a season or two, when his handicap is down to ten or thereabouts, he comes out with more pleats and skirts, and expanding shoulders, and narrow cuffs to the sleeves, all complete. Then, strangely, as he gets on more in the game, there is something of a reaction towards simplicity. The tucks and the pleats vanish, and a simple looseness of fit takes their place; and then, in time, all the oldest clothes that the man can dig out at home are brought into his service, and he eventually fastens on to a very old jacket, with which he tries to associate himself for the rest of his golfing life. You see, he is now known as an experienced and practical golfer, perhaps a very good one, and is treated with a certain respect; and is like people with



ON THE SEVENTEENTH GREEN.

THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT WESTWARD HO:
THE SCENE OF THE MEETING.

Photographs by Dixon and Co.

perfectly plain knickerbocker suit. On the other hand, what is advisable is that the material should be soft and yielding, and that the fitting should be distinctly loose. The garments that Mr. Robert Maxwell, the amateur champion, wears are as reasonable as anything. They generally consist of rough brown tweeds with knickerbockers, all very loosely cut, with large pockets and all sensible conveniences. In the matter of material, the Irish home-spuns are certainly the most comfortable and best for play when the weather is fairly warm and fine; but when it is otherwise there is much to be said for such stuffs as the Lovat tweeds, which keep out the wind and wet very well. But they do not yield so well to the movements as the Irish cloths. Men with unsettled convictions find it

a difficult question to make choice between trousers, breeches, and wide knickerbockers for their golf. Some think the first-named are the most comfortable for play, and they are nicer for journeys to and from the links, and better for the lower part of the legs when it is raining. But many feel that they can settle themselves to their shots better when they wear shorts; besides which, they have then opportunity for the display of a nice taste in stocking-tops—which is something. There is a considerable tendency to adopt wide-cut knickers instead of breeches as golfing attire, and they are certainly most comfortable. They should be made to fasten with a strap and buckle.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Aviation's Debts to Automobilism.

The debt of aviators to automobilism is unending. First, but for the perfecting of the internal-combustion engine in connection with the motor-car, flying-men would still lack that which has made the aeroplane of to-day a practical proposition—to wit, the featherweight motor, the science that can pack 80 to 100-h.p. within the confines of a lady's hat-box. Secondly, when the need was urgent, they found the great tyre-manufacturing firms able to supply them with an indispensable factor in the shape of a perfect aeroplane fabric. The Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., have been foremost in providing a material which, if the life of the daring aviator is not to be exposed to greater risks than usual, must be of the highest quality and construction, absolutely proof against stress, strain, and atmospheric changes. Without the presence of the tyre companies, aviators might have sought long for suitable material of which to form their planes.

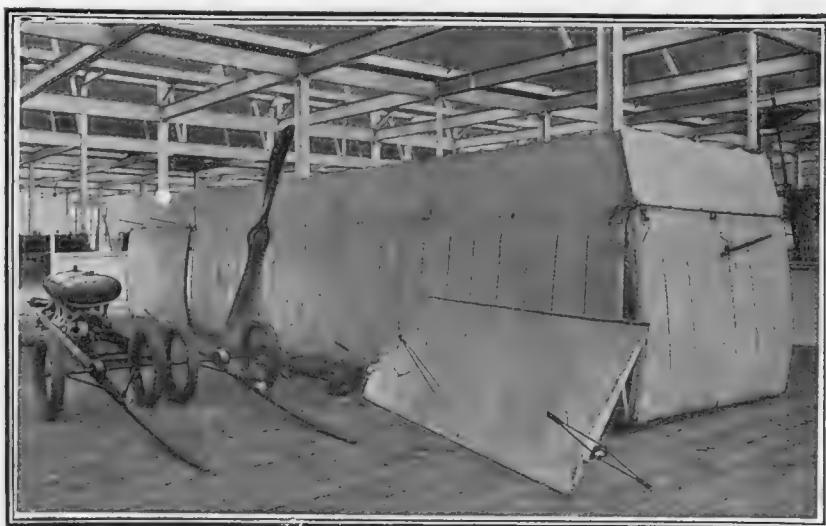
Aero Stations a Necessity.

Mr. S. F. Edge, presumably at Mr. Napier's suggestion, pioneered the six-cylinder engine, and was the object of much derision and contumely for his pains. He later suggested the construction of air-ways, by which he meant long lanes of some two hundred feet in width, cut smooth and clear through the country for the easy passage of aeroplanes. And who shall say that before many years are over our heads, the air-ways will not be as strongly established as the six-cylinder engine? Now a correspondent of that bright and interesting little journal the *Aero* insists, and with reason, upon the immediate establishment of aero stations—places whence, lacking the direct-lift machine, aeroplanes can ascend, and upon which they can descend in safety. It is suggested that such landing-places should be found at certain intervals all along the great flying routes of the country, and unless the State immediately bestirs itself for their establishment, we stand the chance of being as badly left in aviation as we were in automobilism.

First Dramatist, Next Inventor, Now Aviator.

From an illustration lately published in *Flight*, it would appear that the army of British aviators has acquired yet another recruit in the person of Mr. Stuart Ogilvie, who, if I mistake not, is the well-known dramatist, and the inventor of the Vieo Resilient Wheel. It would seem that all our aviators must serve an apprenticeship to automobilism, for Mr. Ogilvie is a veteran motorist and has long been known on the roads of Norfolk and Suffolk with his ponderous Vieo-wheeled Daimler. Mr. Pinero was once heard to say that Mr. Ogilvie's devotion to the perfection

of the Vieo Wheel had for the time removed a dangerous competitor from out the arena of dramatic authorship. In the illustration referred to, Mr. Stuart Ogilvie is shown flying on his Short-Wright biplane over Camber Sands.



M. PAULHAN'S "WINGS" PACKED FOR TRANSPORT: THE FAMOUS AVIATOR'S FARMAN BIPLANE IN PIECES.

Mr. Paulhan alighted after his London-to-Manchester flight in a field adjoining the works of Messrs. Hans Renold, makers of the famous Renold chain, whose officials undertook the storage of the biplane and dismantled it on their premises for transport. The Farman biplane is chainless. Renold's chains are fitted to the Blériot and Wright machines.

of late more than doubled. The result is that cylinders now come through in such numbers that they are easily and methodically paired-up as regards combustion-chamber volume, with a consequent improvement in engine efficiency.

Dropping the Scottish Trial.

Owing to paucity of entries, the Scottish Reliability Trial will not be held this year. On Wednesday last this was regrettably made known to those who had inscribed by the return of the entrance-

fees paid. On the part of the motoring public, the relinquishing of a Trial which has proved so excellent a purchasing guide in the past is greatly to be regretted, and I, for one, feel sorry that the Scottish Automobile Club have not taken their courage in both hands and held the trial even at a loss, in recognition of the loyalty of those who were ready to support them. But presumably a Scottish association would not bring itself to look upon such an undertaking in other than a business light, and if the thing would not pay expenses, sentiment for their old fixture would not be permitted influence. It is quite obvious that the makers of cars with established reputations have everything to lose, and nothing, or perhaps very little, to gain by participation; but for new people the Scottish Trial offered an unparalleled opportunity for publicity. With luck a good car could make

a reputation in a week, which otherwise would require even years. The established trade, of course, could not be expected to regard such a result with favour, but the public are losers to a very large degree.

[Continued on a later page.]



THE ONLY FORM OF MOTOR-CAR THAT IS STEERABLE IN PARTS OF COSTA RICA: A THREE-WHEELED AUTOMOBILE.

The roads in some parts of Costa Rica are of so rutty a nature that it is practically impossible to steer a four-wheeled car upon them. To steer one with three wheels is comparatively easy. Hence an order for fifty of the three-wheeled cars here shown.—[Photograph by G.P.C.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

BY CAPTAIN COE.

Derby and Oaks. There is a general impression amongst the critics that Manton will send out the winners of the Derby and Oaks this year. The belief is based on the running for the Two and One Thousand Guineas. If Taylor does secure the two big prizes at Epsom he will deserve his good fortune, for no trainer ever had such an exasperating experience as he did last year, when he knew that in Bayardo he trained the best three-year-old in the country, and yet circumstances of weather in the early part of the spring prevented him from getting the horse Derby-fit. With Lemberg he has been more fortunate. And the fact that the son of Cyllene got to within a few inches of Neil Gow confirmed what was suspected last year at Doncaster—namely, that Lemberg was decidedly below par when beaten so easily by Neil Gow. Whether the Guineas form be reversed or not at Epsom, of one thing we are sure, and that is sustained interest in our most important race. If only those two ran, they would suffice, for it appears that they are considerably better than their opponents. I am looking forward to a thrilling contest on June 1. As regards the Oaks, Maid of Corinth will be considerably more like business, in the matter of condition, than she was at Newmarket. She is a grand type of mare, and will put up a better fight against Winkipop than when they met last. Not that Winkipop is to be despised. Her breeding spells stamina, and it was a treat to see the unbounded belief in her staying-power as reflected in the way Lynham sent her along from start to finish in the Guineas. I fancy we are to have two great races at Epsom.

Ascot. The evolution of a new Ascot has been quite marked during the last few years, and it is an entirely different place now from what it was when the King ascended the throne. First came the new stands, which were a great improvement on the old ones. These were followed by the extension of the minor enclosure, which is now one of the largest five-shilling rings in the country. But last year's experience proved that it was not too large for the number of spectators who wanted to get into it, and it was a rare sight to note the huge attendance in that enclosure. It is the same at Newbury, which also boasts a large cheap ring. The latest improvements at the Royal Meeting are changes that have been repeatedly urged, and that will be of tremendous benefit. The most important is a new subway running

under the racecourse from the open space that separates the five-shilling from the other stands. The use of this subway means that the course will be protected from the trampling and consequent destruction of the turf that has been one of the drawbacks to the cheap ring. The subway is spacious, enough for its purpose, being about twenty-four feet wide. Another improvement is a double row of railings down each side of the course, the object of which is to prevent the heads of spectators projecting into the line of sight of the horses. This is an idea that should be copied on all courses. Yet another improvement is a fully equipped miniature hospital, in charge of which will be a medical man and two nurses.

Unsatisfactory. Two features of the racing we have seen this year are by no means as satisfactory as one could wish, and I should like to see the Jockey Club take steps towards improvement. I refer to the large number of two-year-old horses that have not, apparently, been thoroughly schooled to the starting-gate, and the large number of horses that swerve during the running of races. Mr. Willoughby, the starter, a few days ago expressed the opinion that he had never had so many two-year-olds that were unruly and had been improperly broken as during this season, and those who look on from the stands are not surprised to learn this. A year or two ago the Stewards of the Jockey Club issued a notice to trainers dealing with this point. It would be a good move if they were to publish another to the same effect.

Of course, the surroundings are new to the horse making its first appearance on a racecourse, and apt to be unsettling; but it should have been well acquainted with the starting-gate before it left the training-ground for the more important work of racing. An official intimation to this effect would bring about an improvement in this matter. As to the swerving, I am inclined to think that it is more the fault of the jockeys than of the horses. They will swerve from distress, occasionally, but all the animals we have seen swerving this year have not done it from that reason. With reference to the explanation of the slipping of wet reins, that was accepted by the Stewards of the Jockey Club

in a recent case, why do not our jockeys in wet weather try a little powdered resin? It would be a simple and effective remedy.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" are not available this week.



WILL THE DERBY EVER BE SNAPSHOTTED FROM THE BACK OF A RACE-HORSE? A MOUNTED CINEMATOGRAPHER AT WORK.

There are occasions when it is obviously necessary for the cinematographer to be moving while he is taking his pictures, and on certain of these it has been found a good idea to work the apparatus while on horseback.



A MILLIONAIRE AS A COACH-DRIVER: MR. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT'S THIRD SUCCESSIVE SEASON IN THIS COUNTRY AS "COACHMAN."

For the third year in succession, that most sporting of millionaires, Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, is driving his coach, "Venture," regularly from London to Brighton. The season, which is to last for two months, began last week. Mr. Vanderbilt hopes to drive on every journey, with the exception of the down and up week-end trips. To avoid motor traffic, he has chosen a new route through Epsom, Dorking, and Hørsham, and is delighted with it.

Photograph by the Sports Co.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Why Not Humorous Pictures?

In going round the Royal Academy and other spring picture-shows, one is struck by the singular absence of all sense of humour in the multitude of canvases on view. Why should prose and poetry be able to avail themselves of the priceless gift of humour, and art

alone concern itself with every aspect of life and nature save the ironic or comic one? It is partly, I imagine, a reaction from mid-Victorian times, when Royal Academicians painted deliberately "funny pictures," and hung them on the line to tickle honest, simple citizens. The "humour" of these pictures was of the most obvious description, and necessitated the employment of models dressed in theatrical clothes and of furniture from Wardour Street. The inevitable revulsion came; "humour" was no longer possible at Burlington House, and the walls were given up to sentiment, marine, martial, and domestic. I wish that there might be a small room in the great building in Piccadilly devoted to the grotesque and ironic in painting



[Copyright.]

A PAISLEY-SILK BLOUSE WITH KIMONO SLEEVES.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

and sculpture. Already they have tried such an innovation in Paris, the sketches of M. Jean Veber being one of the great attractions of the Paris Salon. If I remember right, the exquisitely droll figures and animals of M. Caran d'Ache were first seen under the official patronage of the Salon.

The Tearful Song at Tea.

The lugubrious song is chiefly sung at afternoon-crushes during the months of May and June by ladies with contralto voices of uncompromising ferocity. Why hostesses should allow these assaults on the sensibility of their guests I do not understand, but it is certain that you never have your withers wrung so frequently or so thoroughly as at afternoon teas in Mayfair, Chelsea, and Kensington. Thus it is that allusions to despairing lovers seem always mixed with the clatter of tea-cups; and no sooner do you succeed in snatching an ice than you are reminded, in a piercing wail, of the perfidy of Man—for in Song it is never the lady who is faithless. The time has come when something cheerful should be insisted on by hostesses, or even feminine guests will go in search of some entertainment more diverting. It is true it is harder to be humorous without being offensive than to be tearful without being tiresome, for sorrow has a distinction which mirth seldom attains. But the kind of lachrymose song I allude to is essentially British. The French have, musically, found a medium between the gay and lugubrious which we might reasonably imitate.

Adieu, Billet-Doux! It is a moot point whether, in ten or fifteen years' time, any young people will be found who can write, with their own hand, a clear, courteous, well-expressed letter. Apart from the universal use of the telephone and telegraph, there is no doubt that the typewriting machine and its presiding goddess do not make for literary graces and suave expressions. A typed epistle is apt to resemble a tradesman's circular, to wear more the aspect of a military proclamation than an intimate expression of confidence between two friends. So much are people sensible of this fact that they invariably apologise for using the type-machine instead of the pen. Lady Grove has recently inveighed against the use of the telegraph-form in answering congratulations and the like. Yet some of us would feel more complimented by receiving a telegram than a typed letter. There is no doubt that all the modern scientific inventions are destroying the soul, the real individuality of the younger generation, and that in the near future they will become automatic machines for eating, talking, transacting business, and taking their recreation. Already they are amazingly inarticulate, for they possess only a few phrases in which to express themselves, and, compared with what we know about their fathers, and hear about their grandfathers, are as poverty-stricken in speech as they are fertile in scientific inventions. Possibly the resuscitation of the difficult art of letter-writing might help to revive our lost graces of conversation, our vanished felicities of phrase.

Hope for Hostesses.

Everyone who gives parties knows that it is not the entertainment itself that involves special stress or strain, but the writing of names, the addressing of envelopes, and, above all, the sticking on of stamps. To make a stamp adhere to an envelope by applying it first to the tip of the tongue is a practice inherent in human nature, yet it is well known that post-office gum, consumed in large quantities, is neither stimulating nor nourishing. Saucers of water and wet rolls have been tried, but their attractions pale before the charm of the swifter, natural way. Yet there is hope for hostesses, for a stamp-sticking machine has been recently invented which will affix stamps accurately at the rate of four thousand an hour. Even a modern hostess does not usually ask four thousand guests to a party, so that ten minutes would accomplish what it takes several hours to do, at present, with the means at our disposal. In due time, no doubt, we shall dispense with hostesses altogether, and have a nicely adjusted machine, at the head of the staircase, for receiving and welcoming guests.



[Copyright.]

A NAVY-BLUE-SERGE COSTUME TRIMMED WITH BRAID AND BUTTONS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Mustard and Dress.

it is mustard—indeed, it wants two words, mixed mustard, for it has that dash of brown in its green yellow which is only in our pet condiment when it is ready for use. Everywhere one sees two or three ladies having whole suits of this pungent hue; many have their hats trimmed with ostrich-feathers of it, and more wear touches of it in facings and trimmings. There is a British bravado about this which we cannot sufficiently admire, for it is only the freshness of British complexions which can issue triumphantly from close contact with this muddy, yellowish hue. We have an insular fashion in this colour; I cannot imagine the women of any other nation venturing on it. A sallow Frenchwoman, an olive-skinned Spaniard—what scares it would make of them; but as mustard is the complement of British beef, so is mustard-colour the offset to British beauty.

The Old and the New. Extremes meet seldom with more gratifying results than when the man or woman of the moment writes on Hieratica, the outcome of the ancient papyrus used by the Egyptian priests. We arrive often at a keen appreciation of the high civilisation of ancient Egypt; never more so than when using the delightful modern version of their old writing-paper. It is so easy to write on, because the surface is so good; it is strong and light, and has the very stamp of refinement on it. What more could be expected of an old-new writing-paper?

Free Foot, and a Fellow for It. The little folk of our country have a benefactor whose claims they will acknowledge freely when they have left off being little. He is the educator of their understandings in a different fashion from the conventional; his name, Daniel Neal, and he has made a study of the education of feet by producing boots and shoes for children which give them perfect and beautifully formed feet. They ensure perfect freedom in walking; specialties are a variety of widths and half sizes, undyed hygienic linings, and asbestos sock-linings. These, together with the cut of the foot-year, the beautifully soft leather used to make them, render the wear a joy to children. The firm will send, on application to them at 78 and 80, Edgware Road, a book of designs well illustrated and unusually attractive, with a few lines as to the purpose of each shoe and boot. They are the most delightful foot-educators, too, because they are dainty and pretty.

Wheels within Wheels. The cart-wheel hat is not the only circle that one admires more outside a theatre than in it. There is the cart-wheel hair, and the upstanding feathers, and the widespread osprey. All are admirable in their own place. When their place is in front of one at a theatre, a concert, or in church, admiration is not what they arouse, but angry passions. A show of hats smart and becoming, to illustrate what the considerate, and therefore well-mannered,

There may be a charming French name for the colour which is now so much in vogue; the only one I know which will adequately describe

woman may do for others, yet not suffer herself, was quite convincing in its way. What we want to go with it, however, is a show of considerate, well-mannered women. The man who calls out to a woman, "Take off that ridiculous hat!" can lay claim to neither good manners nor consideration, so that faults of the kind are not confined to my sex. I fear me that there is but one solution to the vexed *matinée-hat* question, and that is managerial decision that no woman may go into her stall, or dress-circle, or upper-circle, with a hat on her head. Managers must therefore be considerate and well-mannered, and provide ladies with proper accommodation for their expensive and perishable headgear. With all due deference to legal pronouncement and forensic knowledge, I think that the man as well as the woman in the test case should have had his money back and been asked to leave. A manager should be responsible for preventing his clients being spoken to in an insulting way; an attendant is surely the proper medium for a request to remove any obstacle to clear vision of the stage. Especially is it so if that manager had not forbidden the wearing of hats at *matinées*.



"DEUCED" HUNGRY, BUT FED UP WITH FETTERS: "THE CHEERFUL KNAVE," IN MR. KEBLE HOWARD'S NEW NOVEL OF THAT NAME.

"If your Lordship wouldn't mind feeding me," suggested the Knave cheerfully." We quote from Mr. Keble Howard's new novel, "The Cheerful Knave," which is due to be published to-day (the 11th) by Mr. Stanley Paul. Mr. "Keble Howard" (alias Mr. John Keble Bell) needs no introduction to readers of "The Sketch." He has written many plays and stories, among the best known of the latter being "The Smiths of Surbiton."

Drawn from life by W. Douglas Almond as Frontispiece to the novel.

it. She posed all the time, so that one felt that she was unable even to enjoy the music. There is an art in concealing art; but the woman who must know herself beautiful and who forgets all about it, and so conceals her knowledge, adds immensely to her charm.

Buttons and Braid. The smart trimmings are buttons and braid. On "Woman's Ways" page is a drawing of a navy-blue-serge costume trimmed with braid and buttons, very suitable for our British climate.

A Paisley-silk blouse is also illustrated, with the sleeves, kimono-like, cut all in one, and a line of buttons on the shoulders.



MORE "EASTERN" LUXURY: THE SALOON STAIRCASE ON THE G.E.R. S.S. "DRESDEN."

The Great Eastern Railway Company, which has recently put on a new *train-de-luxe* between Harwich and Liverpool Street, is equally solicitous for the comfort of its passengers on the sea voyage from Harwich to the Continent. Our illustration of the saloon staircase on board the S.S. "Dresden" gives a good idea of the luxurious accommodation on these boats.

Under the special patronage of her Highness Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein a grand garden fête and sale of work will be held in the Sports Grounds of Montrose College, Woodfield Avenue, Streatham, on Saturday, July 9 next, in aid of the funds of the Brixton Orphanage for Fatherless Girls. The Fête Executive seek to raise a substantial sum for this struggling charity, which is badly in need of funds. The minimum donation to the Patrons' Fund has been fixed at one guinea. Gifts for the sale of work and offers of help from artists and others will be gratefully received by the Lady Superintendent, Brixton Orphanage for Fatherless Girls.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 25.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"SURPRISE? Who said Surprise?" and the Speaker looked inquiringly into Our Stroller's face.

"No, it wasn't I," he answered. "What about Surprise?"

"Funny stuff, ain't it?" was the colloquial remark. "Of course, there's some game up, but what it is, I can't for the life of me make out."

"What's that? S'prise?" asked another. "I'm told there's a big bear just outside the market, and that he will lose his money for cert."

"I don't think they're worth giving more than $1\frac{3}{4}$ to 2 for, anyway," declared a third man. "And even then they are a gross gamble."

"Not so bad as Oil," added a broker who had joined the group.

"What do you hear about Maikop?" Our Stroller was fast becoming *an courant* with the idioms of the Street.

"I don't know," retorted a jobber. "They tell me there are several quite good properties on the Maikop field."

"Then you can Maikop your mind you're being absolutely misled," and the speaker discreetly, if hastily, withdrew himself.

"While there's life there's Spies," and this speaker also left rapidly.

Our Stroller said he hadn't gleaned much serious information.

"Seriously, Sir, let them alone. Don't touch a Maikop of any description."

"But are all the Oil Companies no good?"

"I shouldn't say that for a minute. Now, for myself, I believe firmly in Kern Oil. They went up to ten shillings premium, and are now about one-and-threepence premium. A very good thing."

"Where is it?" asked his friend.

"California. Another good one is the British Consolidated Oil. Both of 'em you must put away and forget about for six months or so. They're not just gambles."

"Not mere specks, eh?"

"Oh, no; not mere— Look here, you silly monkey, I'll—"

A couple of unauthorised clerks, standing on the edge of the kerb, attracted Our Stroller's attention. He moved towards them.

"—tell the other bounder that Anglo-Dutch are safe for a couple of pounds premium."

"But all this dust-up with the Dutch Government?"

"Says it isn't the Dutch Government at all. Anyway, I've stuffed my old man into fifty at five bob premium, and I mean to make him hold them for a pound premium. I get part of the swag, don't you know?"

"And take none of the loss. I know you," and the pair laughed, strolling away.

Our friend found the mining markets were thinning fast, but waited to hear the last part of the conversation of a group evidently about to break up.

"It's the possibilities of the thing, I tell you," one man was declaiming. "Don't talk to me about dividends: that's all rot for a speculative proposition. You can make more out of a rise than out of a dividend," and he said the last word almost spitefully.

"But how Randfontein can be worth on merits—"

"Oh, don't babble. Who cares twopence about merits? We were talking about Randfontein, weren't we?"

"I can't see—"

"That's perfectly evident. Well now, the Randfontein proposition is one of the biggest things in the Transvaal: it has various properties that can be floated as subsidiaries: it has enormous possibilities, huge shareholdings, an indefinite life."

"And the shares look cheap at 28. Whether they are or not I don't know, and I don't care, but they look it. Coming my way?"

"Randfontein can be bought now for a five-shilling rise. And if you're wise, you will mix a few Chartered with them. Night-night."

The two men walked off arm-in-arm, and Our Stroller bent his steps towards the American Market in Shorter's Court.

There was the usual little crowd around the cable-tubes, but no business was going on; and the dealers stamped their feet in the cold and dreary Court.

Every now and again a broker would lounge up and inquire a price, but the interest was obviously of the most languid description, and the messenger-boys carried their cups of hot cocoa into their quarters without spilling more than half.

"Steel?" asked a broker.

The jobber told him. "Haven't been mentioned for the last half-hour," he added.

"Got any views?" continued the broker.

"Going better. Nothing to stop them."

"There's everything to stop them," replied the broker, rather indignantly.

"Have it your own way," said the jobber, laconic as chilly. "I was only telling you."

"D'you mean to say you think Steels will go better?"

"Steels, Unions, Canadas, Eries, Trunks—all the lot. There's nothing to stop them," he repeated.

The broker endeavoured unsuccessfully to turn up his nose and curl his lip with contempt.

"Nothing venture, nothing have," quoth the jobber, rocking from side to side in a vain effort to get warm.

"Don't talk to me about Ventures! I'm sick of Ventures," said the broker.

"What's up?"

"They're not," was the swift retort. "The Company ought to hold a meeting and tell us what they've made out of rubber and oil. Everybody's very sick about it."

"What! Don't you go and Venture anger upon the direct— Must you go, really? So sorry!"

ON RAILS.

The Hull and Barnsley rise has been so rapid that we think a holder lower down might now take his profit. The stock was recommended here when it stood below 50. Those who bought then should take advantage of the present quotation.

To put the money into Midland Deferred seems one of the best exchanges. It is low in price, gets $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money, with a good prospect of more, and will be hoisted five points in a strong market.

If, and when, the Kent Coal business does fructify, South-Eastern Deferred and Chatham Ordinary will be the stocks to rush for. Some extreme optimists even profess to look for a dividend on Doras in the course of a year or two.

Great Western new 4 per cent. Debenture at 110, fully paid, is about the cheapest stock of its kind that can be procured. Trustees should make a note of its attractions.

By the way, the Great Western-South Western rapprochement has done the stocks of either Company very little good up to the present. Yet, of the various Deferred stocks, Midlands excepted, the South-Western at $44\frac{1}{2}$ looks one of the most tempting.

It has to be remarked, in connection with Home Rails, that the market gives no indication of waking up. Nevertheless, the dividend-time begins to approach, and the least breath of buying is sufficient to stir the stocks into temporary animation.

RUBBER REFLECTIONS.

What one has to do now is to look ahead for a few months rather than speculate on the day-to-day chances. It must be frankly recognised that the sheer gamble in Rubber shares is over, and that it is hardly likely to revive for many a long day. That the public have made money on balance is certain. It is impossible to go anywhere without hearing of nice little profits. One man has built a house out of rubber: another has bought a motor-car, another a new yacht, and so on. The class of people which confined its attention to the recent introductions amongst florin shares has possibly lost on the Penny Bazaar business, but those investors who, having sold at good profits lower down, climbed in again higher up, are still to the good on balance. To hold the best shares as investments is still sound policy, and for another year or eighteen months their prices can be trusted to remain good.

CITY DEEP.

The report of the *City Deep, Ltd.*, for the year 1909, and also the report of the proceedings at the annual general meeting of the Company at Johannesburg on March 24, were received by shareholders in this country last week, and must be regarded by them as entirely satisfactory. Within six months from now, it is expected that crushing will begin at the rate of 65,000 tons per month, but the Board is already preparing to increase this scale as soon as possible. Even on this basis shareholders may expect to receive dividends at the rate of 50 per cent. per annum from the time that crushing begins. At the end of 1909 the total payable ore reserves stood at 1,725,849 tons, of an average value of 8.4 dwts., over an assumed stoping width of sixty inches. Ore of this value should give a profit on working of approximately 20s. per ton; but, as the Chairman pointed out, there is reason to believe that it will be found possible to mine narrower than is indicated by these figures, with a consequent increase in the value of the ore treated. The total area of the mine amounts to 1098.8 claims, and the area so far opened to approximately forty-eight claims. It is important to bear in mind that the mine is being worked from the 8th level at about 3000 ft. vertical depth. From this level the mine is being opened up upwards to the northern boundary, and downwards, where the central and western portion of the property will be developed as rapidly as possible. Several levels above the 8th level are being driven upon, and it is estimated that there are approximately 6,000,000 tons of Main Reef Leader in situ above the 8th level alone. In other words, assuming an average value for these ore reserves equal to those so far tested, shareholders may expect to receive back in dividends the whole of the capital at its present market valuation from the treatment of the ore above the 8th level, and they will then possess an enormous property with a life to which it is at present practically impossible to place a limit. It is hoped that the crushing stage will be reached with the Company free of debt, although the whole of the capital of £1,250,000 has now been issued. It is possible, however, that, owing to the improved labour conditions, the

directors may be able to push on with developments so rapidly as to exhaust the whole available working capital this year; but the amount spent in excess will in any case be small. In this connection I may quote a few words from the Chairman's speech: "We have what promises to be one of the greatest mines of the world, everything points to a most prosperous future, and you will agree that it is right to continue to spend money judiciously on active development work, because, though this may involve some temporary financial assistance, the ore exposed represents an asset of infinitely greater value than the cash employed in securing it."

THE RUBBER AUCTION FIASCO.

The sales were the usual fortnightly ones, and about 194 tons of rubber appeared in the catalogues.

The first brokers in the rostrum were Messrs. Hendrey and Puckle, who always sell the Highlands produce. They did not accept any bid, and the whole of the catalogue remained unsold. The room was full of all the big buyers, who seemed to resent the fact that their bids were not accepted, and although a lot or two sold at just over 11s., it very soon came to brokers running through the catalogues without a bid. At last Mr. Devitt (Messrs. Lewis and Peat) got into the rostrum, and without offering any rubber, announced that they withdrew the whole of their catalogue. He was followed by Messrs. Thompson, who did exactly the same thing; and the sales which should have lasted for two days were over before lunch on the first day, with about nine tons only sold.

It was evident from the first that there was some antagonism between buyers and brokers in the air, and after the sales were over the buyers remained discussing the situation in one room, and the brokers in another. The latter, having had their "pow-wow," came back, and Mr. Devitt announced that the next sales would be on the 19th; but this by no means suited the buyers, who at once announced by mouth of Mr. Symington that they wished the next sale to be held on Monday the 9th, and required the brokers to undertake not to sell any of the stuff in their catalogues in the meanwhile. Many of the brokers objected to give this undertaking, but were met by the buyers firmly declaring that if any of the catalogued rubber was sold privately and not put up at Monday's sale, no one would bid for the rest of that broker's lots.

The discussion was long and heated, but in the end the buyers proved masters of the situation, and the brokers gave in. There was a dramatic scene when Mr. Symington went into the rostrum, and calling out the name of each buyer in turn, asked if the person or firm in question would promise not to buy any of the catalogued rubber privately before Monday next. No man was found bold enough to withhold his pledge.

What will happen on Monday we do not know, but our readers will have heard all about it before these lines meet their eyes. The official explanation as to American demands—or rather, the lack of them—does not explain the whole situation, and there is no doubt the big buyers felt aggrieved that the brokers would not accept their offers, and thought that the passing of lot after lot in the face of their bids—"the fair price they offered," they called it—was a grievance. Many of them said openly that when prices were rising the brokers had it all their own way, and now they thought they were being treated with scant consideration. It was a royal row, and the astonishing thing about it all was the unanimity of the buyers, and the way that, standing by each other, they were able to make the brokers do their behests. Meanwhile, fine Para has risen to over 11s., which may ease the situation; but the King's death may possibly cause the sales to be again put off.

Saturday, May 7, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

A. D. A.—You must certainly hold on. The Company is a good one, and we advise them more for a speculative investment than a gamble. You will find them quoted in the *Financier* every day.

B. H. K.—We don't like either of the Companies named. We may be, and hope we are, wrong.

SUSSEX.—The Company is one of the finest, and although you would have done better to wait, we think you have only got good shares rather dear. Whether they will recover depends on the price of raw rubber in the next few months.

GYP.—It was because it came to our knowledge that certain people were behind the scenes connected with the people you name that we had our doubts. We will send you the name of a broker who will probably do your business if you will give him a satisfactory reference, or otherwise satisfy him that you will pay.

L. F. H.—(1) We think the Company a fair one, and with fair prospects. (2) If you have faith in the future of Rubber, hold until you can get, say, 2s. premium. (3) Yes, the situation is all right. The people connected with the promotion are our chief objection to the Company.

J. B. T.—Your letter has been passed on to the Editor; it has nothing to do with financial matters.

W. AND J. B.—We have no belief in any of your Oil shares as investments. As gambles they may be all right, but we would rather not advise. The Dairy shares we have no material as yet to estimate.

R. D.—We can only refer you to this week's Notes. As to the Rubber Company, you might make a profit, but we do not see a big one in it.

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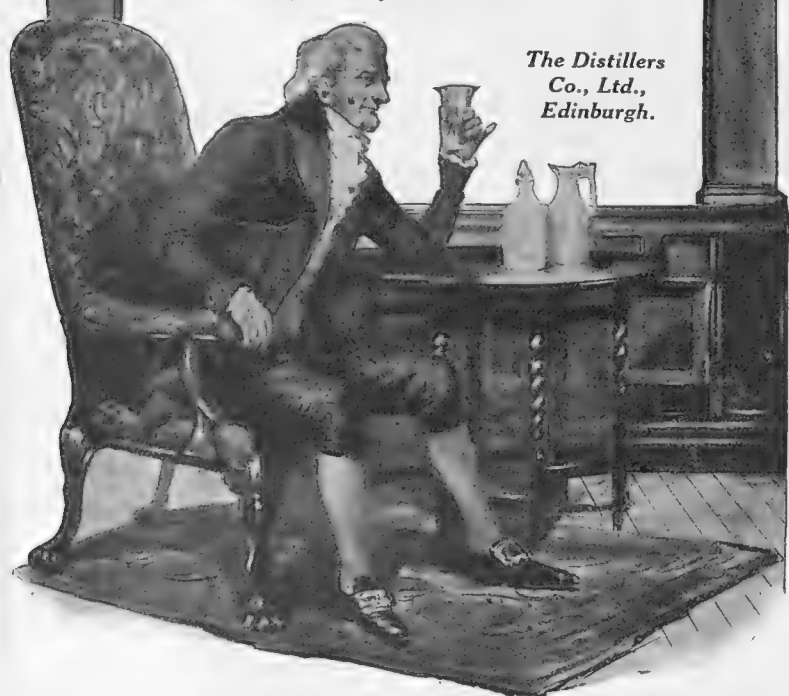
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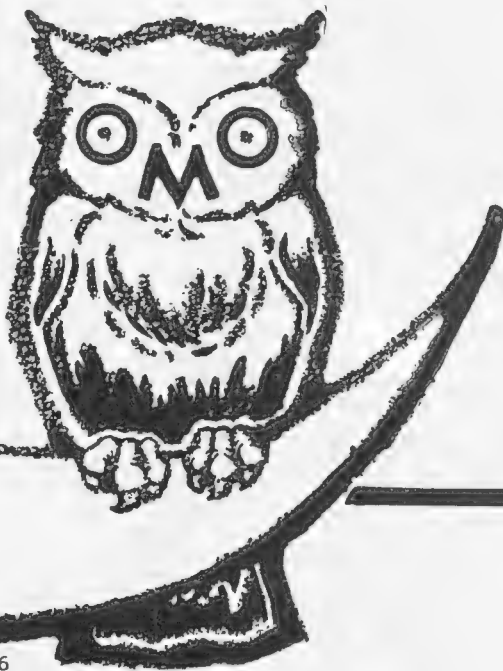
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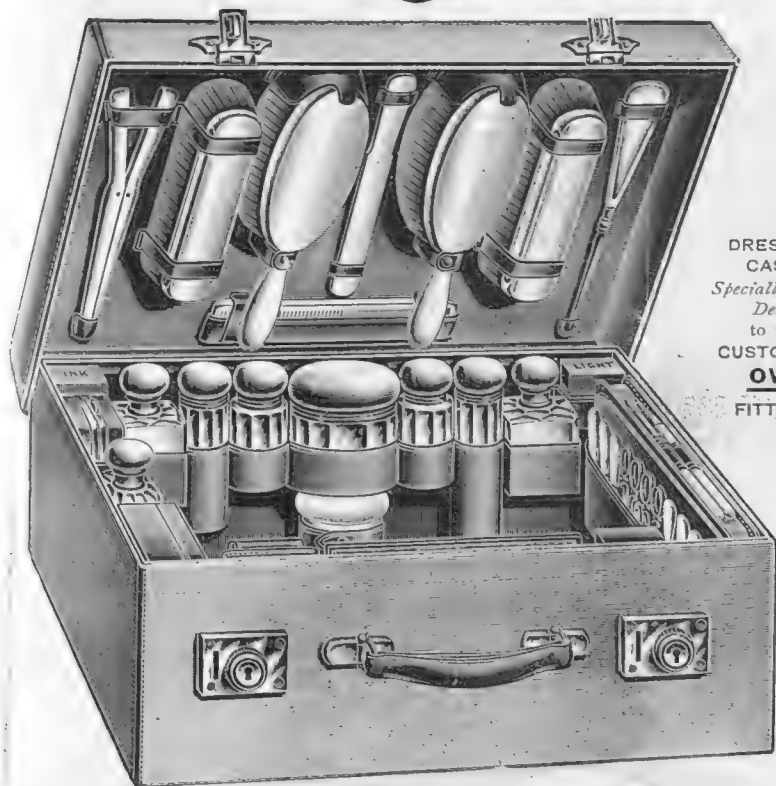
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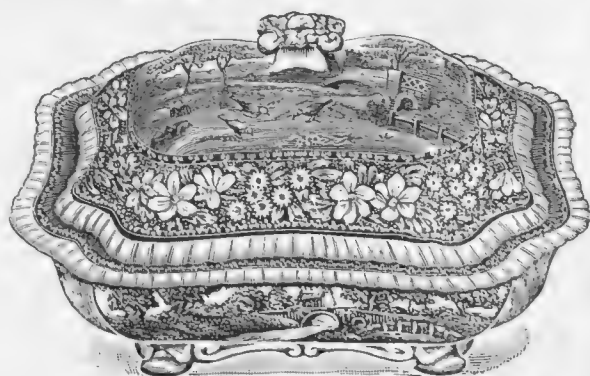
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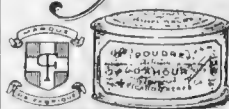
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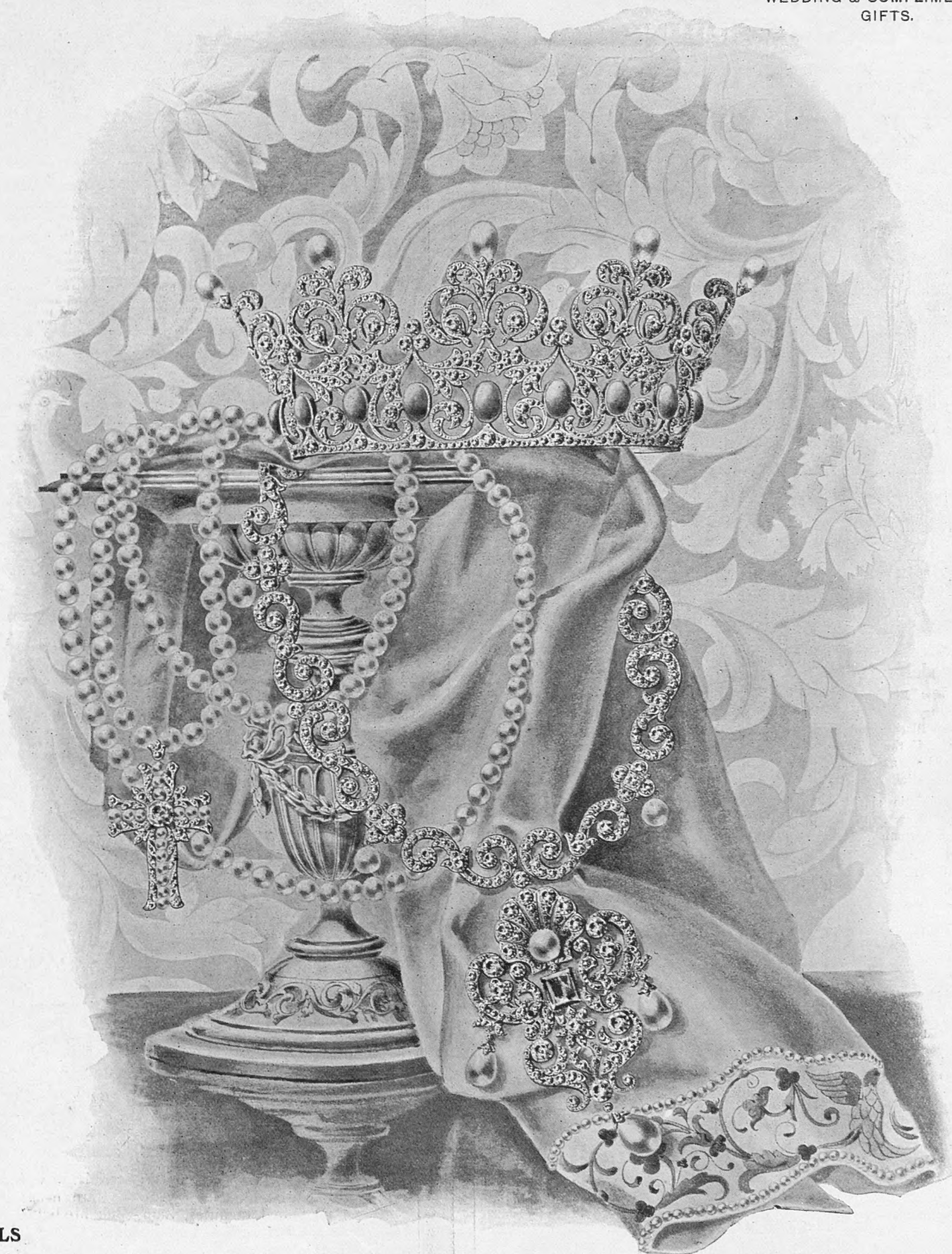
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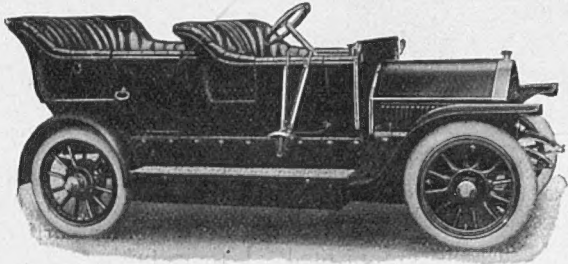
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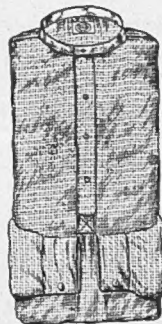
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(Continued.)

Baltimore's Lesson to Surrey.

Baltimore, U.S.A., can give some of our hide-bound authorities a lesson in humanity. The council of that progressive city has recognised the fact that when a medical man is bidden to an important case, and when, perhaps, a difference of minutes in arrival may mean life or death, he shall be permitted equal facilities with those accorded to fire-engines and ambulances. That is to say, he may disregard speed-limits, and in order that the police may know he is on an errand of life and death, he will display a special red-cross badge on his car. This is as it should be; but the *Auto*, which chronicles the fact, fails to refer to the several cases in which the Benches of certain of our home counties have inflicted vindictive fines upon well-known surgeons hurrying to vitally urgent cases. While the infliction of a fine under such circumstances is revolting enough, the wickedness of the delay caused by the sceptical policemen is unspeakable.

Smith's Three-Speed Indicator Drives.

In order that a speed-indicator may indicate with absolute exactitude, the drive must be as perfect as possible. There must be no slip of any kind, and the driving-connection between the driving-member of the chassis and the instrument should be as strong, as straight, and as short as possible. In the case of Messrs. S. Smith and Son's "Perfect" speedometers—which, by the way, in many a "foughten" case have received the unwilling endorsement of motorphobist magistrates—three descriptions of drive are offered. First is the propeller-shaft drive, which is strongly recommended

by experts for the reason that the flex is as short as possible, cannot sway, and, there being no sharp bends, all danger of breakage is avoided. Also, the belt by which the drive is transmitted is kept constantly at a proper tension by the fact of the driven pulley being mounted on a pivoted, hinge-controlled bracket attached to the frame. The ball-bearing, spring-held friction-drive is next recommended if the propeller-shaft is not available, and has, moreover, the special advantage of absolutely accurate adjustment for any size of wheel. A well-designed gear-drive is also provided, and accuracy therewith guaranteed to a margin of one per cent.



TYRED—BUT BY NO MEANS BORN TIRED: MR. PAUL BRODLMANN, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE CONTINENTAL TYRE COMPANY, ON HIS 45-H.P. DAIMLER.

Photograph by Argent Archer.

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articulated arms, which are pivoted at their further end to a collar, carried on a spindle, which tends to approach the fixed collar as the speed causes the governor-weights to fly outwards under the stress of centrifugal force. Opposed to the approach of the free collar are three springs—a light, a medium, and a strong spring. The effect of slow speed compresses the light spring first, and when this has done its work the second, and then the third spring are compressed. The light spring takes the varying thrust up to five miles per hour, the second spring up to twenty, and the strongest spring thereafter. The mechanism gives an absolutely steady reading, a hair-spring obviating all quivering of the indicating-needle. Over thirty thousand of these instruments are in use.

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